The
SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Phila'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2550.

REMEMBERED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY DOLORES.

A memory out of the past, Waldo,
Is borne on the evening breeze,
My thoughts will wander to long ago,
To the time when we were "lovers," you know,
When we sat 'neath the linden trees.

But the most of which I'm thinking to-night,
In the glimmering silver sheen,
Is the ride we took in the calm moonlight,
With troubles all buried and out of sight,
And those misty years unseen.

Your gallant ponies were gay, Waldo,
And light were our hearts beside,
We drove to the banks where the lilies grow,
And where sweetly the waters ebb and flow,
And I promised to be your bride.

We thought all the world looked fair, you know,
And softly the moonlight shone,
And we never dreamed of a cloud, Waldo,
We thought not then that a winter's snow
Would find every fond hope flown.

But ah, we were young in those days, dear friend,
Too young for such vows as those,
For many the changes the years will send,
And vows forgotten with the past will blend,
Until life and love shall close.

The full, round moon in the midsummer sky,
That beamed, oh, so sweetly then,
Must have looked on with a pitying eye,
Knowing life is so frail, and love will die,
To be tasted never again.

So the dream faded as the year went on,—
Do you deem it weak or wise?
I say the love that was ours and is gone,
I'll never forget 'till eternity's sun
O'er the beautiful hills shall rise.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER XIII.

COMING HOME.

Dashing up to Dallory Hall in a fiery foam, just a week and a day after the wedding, came Mrs. North. Madam had learnt the news. While she was reposing in all security in Paris, amid a knot of friends who had chosen to be there at that season, Matilda North happened to take up a Times newspaper of some two or three days old, and saw the account of the marriage: "Oliver Rane, M. D., of Dallory Ham, to Bessy, daughter of John North, of Dallory Hall, and of Elizabeth, his first wife." Madam rose up, her face in a flame, and clutched the journal to look: she verily believed Miss Matilda was playing a farce. No: the announcement was there in plain black and white. Making her hasty arrangements to quit the French capital, she came thundering home: and arrived the very day that Dr. and Mrs. Rane returned.

A letter had preceded her. A letter of denouncing wrath, that had made her husband shake in his shoes. Poor Mr. North looked tremblingly out for the arrival, caught a glimpse of the carriage and of Madam's face, and slipped out at the back door to the fields. Where he remained wandering about for hours.

So Madam found nobody to receive her. Richard was at the works, Captain Bohun had been out all the afternoon. Nothing increases wrath like the having no object to expend it on; and Madam, foiled, might have sat for a picture of fury. The passion that had been bubbling up higher and higher all the way from Paris, found no escape at its boiling point.

One of the servants happened to come in her way; the first housemaid, who had been head over Molly Green. Madam pinned her; bit her lips for calmness, and then inquired particulars of the wedding with a smooth face.

"Was it a run-a-way match, Lake?"

"Goodness, no, Madam!" was Lake's answer, who was apt to be free with her tongue, even to her imperious mistress. "Things were being got ready for a month beforehand; and my master would have gone to church to give Miss Bessy away himself, but for not being well. All the servants went to see it."

Little by Little, Madam heard the details. Captain Bohun was best man; Mr. Richard took out Miss Adair, who was bridesmaid and looked lovely to behold. The bride and bridegroom drove right away from the church door. Captain Bohun went back in the carriage with Miss Adair; Mr. Richard went off on foot to the works. Miss Bessy—heatways Mrs. Oliver Rane now—had had some furniture sent to her new home from the Hall, and Molly Green was there as housemaid. That Lake should be glowing with intense gratification at being enabled to tell all this, was only in accordance with frail human nature; she knew what a pill it was for Madam; and Madam was disliked in the household worse than poison. But Lake was hardly prepared for the ashy tint that spread over Madam's features, when she came to the part that told of the homeward drive together of her son and Ellen Adair.

The girl was in the midst of her descriptions when Arthur Bohun came in. Madam saw him sauntering lazily up the gravel drive, and swept down in her fine Parisian costume of white-and-black brocaded silk, lappets of lace floating from her hair. They met in the Hall.

"Why! is it you, mother?" cried Arthur, in surprise—for he had no idea the invasion might be expected so soon. "Have you come home?"

He advanced to kiss her. Striving to be as dutiful as she would let him be, he was willing to observe all ordinary relations between mother and son; but of affection there existed none. Mrs. North drew back from the offered embrace, and haughtily motioned him to the drawing-room. Matilda sat there, sullen and listless; she was angry at being dragged summarily from Paris.

"Why did I assist at Bessy's wedding?" replied Arthur, parrying the attack with light good humor, as he invariably strove to do on these wrathful occasions. "Because I liked it. It was great fun. Especially to see Rane hunting in every pocket for the ring, and turning as red as a salamander."

"What business had you to do such a thing?" retorted Madam, her face dark with the passion she was suppressing. "How dared you do it?"

"Do what, Madam?"

Madam stamped a little.

"You know without asking, sir: countenance personally the wedding."

"Was there any reason why I should not? Bessy stands to me as a sister; and I like her. I am glad she is married, and I hope sincerely they'll have the best of luck always."

"I had forbidden the union with Oliver Rane," stamped Madam. "Do you hear—*forbidden* it. You knew that as well as she did."

"But then, don't you see, mother mine, you had no particular right to forbid it. If Matilda there took it into her head to marry some knight or other, you would have a voice in the matter, for or against; but Bessy was responsible to her father only."

"Don't bring my name into your nonsense, Arthur," struck in Matilda, with a frown.

Madam, looking from one to the other, was biting her lips.

"They had the wedding while you were away that it might be got over quietly," resumed Arthur, in his laughing way, determined not to give in an inch, even though he had to tell a home truth or two. "For my part, mother, I have never understood what possible objection you could have to Rane."

"That is my business," spoke Mrs. North. "I wish he and those Cumberland people were all at the bottom of the sea. How dared you disgrace yourself, Arthur Bohun?"

"Disgrace myself?"

"You did. You, a Bohun, to descend to a companionship with *them!* Fie upon you! And you have been said to inherit your father's pride."

"As I hope I do, in all proper things. I am unable understand your distinctions, Madam," he added laughingly. "Rane is as good as Bessy, for all I see. As good as we are."

Madam caught up a hand screen, as if she would have liked to fling it at him. Her hand trembled, with emotion or temper.

"There's some girl living with them. They tell me you went home with her in the carriage!"

Arthur Bohun suddenly turned his back upon them, as if to see who might be advancing, for distant footsteps were heard advancing. But for that, Madam might have seen a hot flush illumine his face.

"Well? What else, mother? Of course I took her home—Miss Adair."

"In the face and eyes of Dallory!"

"Certainly. And we had faces and eyes out that morning, I can tell you. It is not every day a Miss North gets married."

"How came *you* to take her?"

"Dick asked me. There was nobody else to ask, you see. Mrs. Gass clapped us going by, as if we had been at an election. She had a stiff shining yellow gown on and white bows in her cap."

His suavity was so great, his determination not to be ruffled so evident, that Mrs. North felt three parts foiled. It was not often she attacked Arthur; he always met it in this way, and no satisfaction came of it. She could have struck him as he stood.

"What is the true tale about the ring, Arthur?" asked Matilda in the silence come to by Mrs. North. "Lake says Oliver Rane really lost it."

"Really and truly, Matty."

"Were they married without a ring?"

"Somebody present produced one," he replied carelessly, in his invincible dislike to mention Ellen Adair before his mother and sister: a dislike that had ever clung to him. Did it arise from the shy reticence that invariably attends love, this feeling?—or could it have been some foreshadowing dread instinct of what the future was to bring forth?

"How came Dr. Rane to lose the ring?"

"Carelessness, I suppose. We found it in the carriage, going home. He must have dropped it accidentally."

"Peace, Matilda!—keep your foolish questions for a fitting time," stormed Madam. "How dare you turn your back upon me, Arthur? What money has gone out with the girl?"

Arthur turned round to answer. In spite of his careless manner, he was biting his lips with shame and vexation. It was so often he had to blush for his mother.

"I'm sure I don't know, if you mean with Bessy: it is not my business that I should presume to ask. Here comes Dick: I thought it was his step. You can inquire of him, Madam."

Richard North looked into the drawing-room, all unconscious of the storm awaiting him. Matilda sat back in an easy-chair tapping her foot discontentedly; Arthur Bohun toyed with a rose at the window; Madam, standing upright by the beautiful inlaid table, her train sweeping the rich carpet, confronted him.

But there was something about Richard North that instinctively subdued Madam: she had never domineered over him as she did over her husband and Bessy and Arthur; and at him she did not rave and rant. Calm always, sufficiently courteous to her, and yet holding his own in self-respect, Richard and Madam seldom came to an issue. But she attacked him now: demanding why this iniquity—the wedding—had been allowed to be enacted.

"Pardon me, Mrs. North, if I meet your question by another," calmly spoke Richard. "You complain of my sister's marriage as though it were a grievous wrong against yourself. What is the reason?"

"I said it should not take place."

"Will you tell me why you oppose it?"

"No. It is sufficient that, to my mind, it did not present itself as suitable. I have resolutely set my face against Dr. Rane and his statue of a mother, who presumes to call the Master of Dallory Hall John! And I forbade Bessy to think of him."

"But—pardon me, Mrs. North—Bessy was not bound to obey you. Her father and I saw no cause for objecting to Dr. Rane."

"Was it right, was it honorable, that you should seize upon my absence to marry her in this indecent manner?—before Edmund was cold in his grave?"

"Circumstances guide cases," said Richard. "As for marrying her while you were away, it was done in the interests of peace. Your opposition, had you been at home, would not have prevented the marriage; it was therefore as well to get it over in quietness."

A bold avowal. Richard stood before Madam when he made it, upright as herself. She saw it was useless to contend: and all the abuse in the world would not undo it now.

"What money has gone out with her?"

It was a question that she had no right to put. Richard answered it however.

"At present not any. To-morrow I shall give Rane a check for two hundred pounds. Time was, Madam, when I thought my sister would have gone from us with twenty thousand."

"We are not speaking of what was, but of what is," said Madam, an unpleasant sneer on her face. "Mr. North—to hear him speak—cannot spare the two hundred."

"Quite true; Mr. North has it not to spare," said Richard. "It is I who give it to my sister. Drained though we are for money perpetually, I could not, for very shame, suffer Bessy to go to her husband wholly penniless."

"She has not gone penniless," retorted Madam, brazening the thing out. "I hear the Hall has been dismantled for her."

"Oh, mother!" interposed Arthur in a burst of pain.

"Hold your tongue; it is no affair of *yours*," spoke Mrs. North. "A cart-load of furniture has gone out of the Hall."

"Bessy's own," said Richard. "It was her mother's; and we have always considered it Bessy's. A few poor mahogany things, Madam; that you have never condescended to take notice of, and that never, in point of fact, have belonged to you. They have gone with Bessy, poor girl; and I trust Rane will make her a happier home than she has had here."

"I trust they will both be miserable!" flashed Madam.

Equable in temper though Richard North was, there are limits to endurance; he found his anger rising, and quitted the room abruptly. Arthur Bohun went limping after him: in any season of emotion, he was undeniably lame.

"I'd beg your pardon for her, Dick, in all entreaty," he whispered, putting his arm within Richard's, "but that my tongue is tied with shame and humiliation. It was an awful misfortune for you all when your father married her."

"We can but make the best of it, Arthur," was the kindly answer. "It was neither your fault nor mine."

"Where is the good old pater?"

"Hiding somewhere. Not a doubt of it."

"Let us go and find him, Dick. He may be the better for having us with him to-day. If she were not my mother—and upon my word and honor, Richard, I sometimes think she is not—I'd strap on my armor and do brave battle for him."

CARVED MONUMENT IN NEW ZEALAND.

Wonders of Wood Carving by the New Zealanders.

Amongst works of art wrought by savages, the extraordinary and elaborate carvings in wood executed by the New Zealanders previously to their contact with Europeans, are well worthy of notice, and may be regarded as wonderful examples of ingenuity and skill, especially when we consider the rude nature of the tools by which they were wrought.

Ignorant of the use of iron, the New Zealand artist produced his carvings out of hard red pine, by the aid of an adze and chisel formed of green-stone or jade, fastened into a wooden handle; whilst the edge of a sharp mussel-shell was employed to give the finishing touches to the more intricate portions of the design.

The men most skilled in wood carving were frequently "tohungas," or heathen priests, and were always regarded amongst the people with veneration and respect. Some tribes were more celebrated than others for the beauty and skill of their carvings, many of which took years of patient labor to accomplish.

Perhaps the greatest amount of ornamentation was bestowed on the wooden monuments erected in honor of warriors of note, or chiefs of high rank and distinction. Domestic affection would also suggest a richly carved tomb to be raised to the memory of a deceased wife or child. These tombs vary in form and size, but usually consist of a box for the reception of the body, about ten or twelve feet high, covered by a projecting and slanting roof supported by pillars. These pillars represent human figures, one above the other, of grotesque forms, with enormous protruding tongues, and eyes inlaid with pearl shell. The entire front of the tomb is covered with similar faces in bas-relief, the space between them displaying the most elaborate arabesques intertwining with each other, mingled with double spiral curves, which have a very rich effect. Each of the human figures in its turn is similarly covered with the arabesque and spiral patterns; so that the tomb, viewed as a whole, presents one mass of intricate carving.

So great is the love of the New Zealander for wood carving, that he does not content himself with covering his houses, tombs, and canoes with the most intricate designs, but in like manner he decorates his weapons of war, his axe-handles, and his walking sticks; and, not content with wood for his material, he further displays his skill in tattooing minute spiral lines with tiny chisels on the faces of his chiefs, and on the lips and ankles of his women.

Since the colonization of New Zealand by Great Britain, the natives have gradually abandoned their ancient art; and at the present time scarcely an example remains of these wonderful carvings, excepting such smaller objects as are preserved in the museums of the curious. In the mild and humid climate of New Zealand, the wooden structure soon rots away; and ere long, not a tomb or a carved house will exist amidst the ruin of their deserted "paths" to bear evidence of an art now passed away.

The bride and bridegroom were settling down in their house. Bessy, arranging her furniture in her new home, was busy and happy as the summer day was long. Some of the mahogany things were sadly old-fashioned, but the fact never occurred to Bessy. The carpet was bright; the piano, Richard's present, and a great surprise, was beautiful. It was so kind of him to give her one—she who was but a poor player at best, and had thought of asking Madam to be allowed to have the unused old thing in the old school-room at Dallory Hall. She clung to Richard with tears in her eyes as she kissed and thanked him. He kissed her again, and gave his good wishes for her happiness, but Bessy thought him somewhat out of spirits. Richard North handed over two hundred pounds to them: a most acceptable offering to Dr. Rane.

"Thank you, Richard," he heartily said, grasping his brother-in-law's hand. "I shall be getting on so well shortly as to need no help for my wife's sake or for mine." And Richard knew that he was anticipating the period when the other doctor should have gone, and the whole practice be in his own hands.

It was on the third or fourth morning after their return, that Dr. Rane, coming home from seeing his patients, met his fellow-surgeon, arm-in-arm with a stranger. Mr. Alexander stopped to introduce him.

"Mr. Seeley, Rane," he said. "My friend and successor."

Had a shot been fired at Dr. Rane, he could scarcely have felt more. In the moment's confused blow, he almost stammered.

"Your successor? Here?"

"My successor in the practice. I have sold him the good-will, and he has come down to be introduced."

Dr. Rane bowed. The new doctor put out his hand. That same day Dr. Rane went over to Mr. Alexander's and reproached him.

"You might at least have given me the refusal had you wanted to sell it."

"My good fellow, I promised it to Seeley ages ago," was the answer. "He knew I had a prospect of the London appointment: in fact, helped me to get it."

What was to be said? Nothing. But Oliver Rane felt as though a bitter blow had again fallen upon him, blighting the fair vista of the future.

"Don't be down-hearted, Oliver," whispered Bessy, hopefully, as she clung around him when he went in and spoke of the disappointment. "We shall be just as happy with a small practice as a large one. It will all come right—with God's blessing on us."

But Oliver Rane, looking back on a certain deed of the past, felt by no means sure in his heart of hearts that the blessing would be upon them.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF WHAT WAS, AND OF WHAT MIGHT BE.

Bessy Rane sat at the large window of her dining-room in the coming twilight. Some twelve months had elapsed since her marriage, and summer was round again. Her work had dropped on her lap: it was that of stitching some wristbands for her husband; and she sat inhaling the fresh sweet scent of the garden flowers, and watching Jelly's movements in the room facing her—Mrs. Cumberland's. Jelly had a candle in her hand, apparently searching for something, for she was throwing its light and her own eyes

were here. Some of them men have been hearing a bit of my mind," she added, sitting down behind the plants and untying her bonnet-strings. "It's come to pawning of the women's best gowns now."

"Has it?" replied Richard North, rather abstractedly, as if he were buried in thought. "Of course it must come to that, sooner or later."

"Sooner or later it 'ud come to the pawning of their skins—an' they were able to strip 'em off," spoke Mrs. Gass. "If this state of things is to last, they'll have nothing else left of 'em to strip."

Richard wheeled round, took a chair in front of Mrs. Gass, and sat down in it. He had come to make a proposition to her; one he did not quite cordially approve of himself; and from that cause his manner was perhaps a trifle less ready than usual. Richard North had received from Mrs. Gass, at the time of her late husband's death, full power to act on his own responsibility, just as he had held it from Mr. Gass; but in all weighty matters he had made a point of consulting them: Mr. Gass while he lived, Mrs. Gass since.

"It is a question that I have been asking myself a little too often for my peace—how long this state of things will last, and what will be its end," said Richard in answer to her last words, his low tone almost painfully earnest. "The longer it goes on, the worse it will be; for the men and for us."

"That's precisely what I tell 'em," acquiesced Mrs. Gass, tilting back her bonnet and fanning her face with her handkerchief. "But I might just as well speak to so many postesses."

"Yes; talking will not avail. *I* have talked to them; and find it to be only waste of words. If they listen to my arguments and feel inclined to be impressed with them, the influences of the Trade Union undo it all again. I think we must try something else."

"And what's that, Mr. Richard?"

"Give way a little."

"Give way!" repeated Mrs. Gass, pushing her chair some inches back in her surprise. "What! give 'em what they want?"

"Certainly not. That is what we could not do. I said give way *a little*."

"Mr. Richard, I never would."

"What I thought of proposing is this: To divide the additional wages they are standing out for. That is, offer them half. If they would not return to work on those terms, on that concession, I should have no hope of them."

"And my opinion is, they'd *not*. Mr. Richard, sir, it's them Trade Union people that upholds 'em in their obstinacy. They'll make 'em hold out, them misleading Unionists, for the whole demands or none. What do the leaders of the Union care? It don't touch their pockets, or their comforts. So long as their own nests be feathered, the working man's may get as bare as boards. Don't you fancy the rulers 'll let our men give way half. It's only by keeping up the agitation that them agitators live."

"I should like to put it to the test. I have come here to ask you to agree to my doing it."

"And what about the shortening of the time that they want?" questioned Mrs. Gass.

"I should not give way there. It is not practicable. They must return on the usual time: but of the additional wages demanded I would offer half. Will you assent to this?"

"It will be with an uncommon bad grace," was Mrs. Gass's answer.

"I see nothing else that can be done," said Richard North. "If only as a matter of conscience I should wish to propose it. When it ends in a comprehensive ruin—which seems only too certain, for we cannot shut our eyes to what is being enacted all over the country in almost all trades—and the women and children come to lie under our very eyes here, famished and naked, I shall have the consolation of knowing that it is the men's own fault, not mine. Perhaps they will accept this offer: I hope so, though it will leave us but little profit. If we can only make both ends meet, just to keep us going during these unsettled times, we must be satisfied. I am sure I shall be doing right, Mrs. Gass, to make this proposal."

"Mr. Richard, sir, you know that I've trusted to your judgment always, and shall trust it to the end; anything you thought well to do. I should never dissuade from. You shall make this offer if you please: but I know you'll be opening for the men a loop-hole. Give 'em an inch, and they'll want to take an ell."

"If they come back it will be a great thing," argued Richard. "The sight of the works standing still; the knowledge that all else involved is standing still, almost paralyses me."

"Don't you go and take it to heart at the beginning now," affectionately advised Mrs. Gass. "There's not much damage done yet."

Richard bent forward, a painful earnestness on his face. "It is of my father that I think. What will become of him if all our means are stopped?"

"I'll take care of him till better times come round," said Mrs. Gass, heartily. "And of you, too, Mr. Richard; if you won't be too proud to let me, sir."

Richard laughed; a slight, genial laugh; partly in amusement, partly in gratitude.

"I hope the better times will come at once," he said, preparing to leave. "At least, sufficiantly good ones to allow of business going on as usual. If the men refuse this offer of mine, they are made of more ungrateful stuff than I should give them credit for."

"They *will* refuse it," said Mrs. Gass, emphatically. "As is my belief. Not them, Mr. Richard, sir, but the Trades Unions for 'em. Once get under the thumb of that despotic body, and a workman daredn't say his soul is his own."

And Mrs. Gass's opinion proved to be the correct one. Richard North called his men together, and laid the concession before them; pressing them to accept it in their mutual interests. The men requested a day for consideration, and then gave their answer: rejection. Unless the whole of their demands were complied with, they unequivocally refused to return to work.

"It will be worse for them than for me in the long run," said Richard North.

And many a thoughtful mind believed that he spoke in a spirit of prophecy.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORNING VISITORS.

In the dining-parlor at Mrs. Cumberland's, with its large window open to the garden and the sweet flowers, stood Ellen Adair. It was the favorite morning-room. Mrs. Cumberland, up in good time to-day, for it was barely eleven o'clock, had stepped forth into the garden, and had disappeared amid its remoter parts.

Ellen Adair, wearing a dress of cool pink muslin, almost as thin as gauze, stood in a reverie. A pleasant one, to judge by the soft blush on her face and the sweet smile that parted her lips. She was twirling the plain gold ring round and round her finger, thinking, no doubt, of the hour when it was put on, and the words spoken with it. Bessy Rane had wholly refused to give back the ring she was married with, and Ellen retained the other.

The intimacy with Arthur Bohun, the silent love-making, had been going on always. Even now, she was listening lest haply his footsteps might be heard; listening with hushed breath and beating heart. Never a day passed but he contrived to call, on some plea or other, at Mrs. Cumberland's, morning, afternoon, or evening, and this morning he might be coming, for ought she knew. At the close of the past summer, Mrs. Cumberland had gone to the Isle of Wight for change of air, taking Ellen and her maid, Jelly. She hired a secluded cottage in the neighborhood of Niton. Singular to say, Captain Bohun remembered that he had friends at Niton—an old invalid brother officer, who was living there in great economy. On and off, on and off, during the whole time of Mrs. Cumberland's stay—and that lasted five months, for she had gone the beginning of September and did not come home until the end of February—was Arthur Bohun paying visits to this old friend. Now for a day or two; now for a week or two; once for three weeks together. And still Mrs. Cumberland suspected nothing! It was as if her eyes were held. Perhaps they were: there is a destiny in all things, and it must be worked out. It is true that she did not see or suspect half the intimacy. A gentle walk once a day by the sea was all she took. At other times Ellen rambled at will; sometimes attended by Jelly, alone when Jelly could not be spared. Captain Bohun took every care of her, guarding her more jealously than he would have guarded a sister: and this did a little surprise Mrs. Cumberland.

"We ought to feel obliged to Captain Bohun, Ellen," she said, on one occasion. "It's not many a young man would sacrifice his time to us. Your father, and his, and my husband, the chaplain, were warm friends for a little time in India: it must be the knowledge of that that induces him to be so attentive. Very civil of him!"

Ellen colored vividly. Eminently truthful, of a nature antagonistic to deceit, she yet did not dare to say that perhaps that was *not* Captain Bohun's reason for being attentive. How could she hint at Captain's Bohun's love, plain though it was to her own heart, when he had never spoken a syllable to her about it? It was not possible. So things went on in the same routine: he and she wandering together on the sea-shore; both of them living in a dream of Elysium. In February, when they returned home, the scene was changed, but not the companionship. It was an early spring that year, warm and genial. Many and many an hour were they together in that seductive garden of Mrs. Cumberland's, with its miniature rock, its mossy grass soft as velvet; the birds would be singing and their own hearts dancing. But Mrs. Cumberland's eyes were not to be always closed.

It was scarcely to be expected that so good-looking a girl as Ellen Adair, should remain long without a declared suitor. Especially when their was a rumor that she would have a fortune—though how the latter arose, or whence its grounds, people would have been puzzled to tell. A gentleman of good position in the vicinity; no other than Mr. Graves, son of one of the county members; took to make rather pointed visits at Mrs. Cumberland's. That his object was Ellen Adair, and that he would most likely be asking her to become his wife, Mrs. Cumberland saw. She wrote to Mr. Adair, in Australia, telling him she thought Ellen was about to receive an offer of marriage, eligible in every way. The young man was of high character, good family, and large means, she said: should she, if the proposal came, accept it for Ellen. By a singular omission, which perhaps Mrs. Cumberland was not conscious of, she did not mention Mr. Graves's name. But the proposal came sooner than Mrs. Cumberland had bargained for: barely was this letter despatched—about which in her characteristic reticence, she said not a word to anybody—when Mr. Graves spoke to Ellen and was refused. It was this that opened Mrs. Cumberland's eyes to the nature of the friendship between Ellen and Captain Bohun. She then wrote a second letter to Mr. Adair, saying Ellen had refused Mr. Graves in consequence, as she strongly suspected, of an attachment to Arthur Bohun—the son of Major Bohun, whom Mr. Adair once knew so well. That Arthur Bohun would be wishing to make Ellen his wife, there could be, Mrs. Cumberland thought from observation, no doubt: might he be accepted? In a worldly point of view, Captain Bohun was not so desirable as Mr. Graves, she added—unless indeed he should succeed to his uncle's baronetcy, which was not very improbable, the present heir being sickly—but he would have enough to live upon as a gentleman, and he was liked by every one. This second letter was also despatched to Australia by the mail following the one that took the first. Having thus done her duty, Mrs. Cumberland sat down to wait placidly for Mr. Adair's answer, tacitly allowing the intimacy to continue, in-as-much as she did not stop the visits of Arthur Bohun. Neither he nor Ellen suspected what she had done.

And with the summer weather there had come in another suitor to Ellen Adair. At least another was displaying signs that he would like to become one. It was Mr. Seeley, the doctor who had replaced Mr. Alexander. Soon after Mrs. Cumberland's return from Niton in February, she had been for a week or two alarmingly ill, and Mr. Seeley was called in as well as her son. He had continued to be on terms of friendship at her house; and it became rather palpable that he very much admired Miss Adair.

Things were in this state on this summer's morning, and Ellen Adair stood near the window twirling round and round the plain gold ring on her finger. Presently she came out of her reverie, unlocked a small letter-case, and began to write in her diary.

"Tuesday. Mrs. Cumberland talks of going away again. She seems to me to get thinner and weaker. Arthur says the same. He—"

A knock at the front door, and Mr. Seeley was shown in. He paid a professional visit to Mrs. Cumberland at least every other morning. Not as a professional man, he told her; but as a friend, that he might see how she went on.

Miss Adair shook hands with him, her clasp and her manner alike cold. He saw it not; and his fingers parted lingeringly from hers.

"Mrs. Cumberland is in the garden, if you will go to her, Mr. Seeley," said Ellen, affecting to be quite occupied with her letter-case. "I think she wants to see you; she is not at all well. You will find her in the grotto; or somewhere about."

To this semi-command Mr. Seeley answered nothing, except that he was in no hurry, and would look after Mrs. Cumberland by-and-by. He was a dark man of about two-and-thirty, with a plain, honest face; straight-forward in disposition and manner, timid only when with Ellen Adair. He took a step or two nearer Ellen, and began to address her in a low tone, pulling one of his gloves about nervously.

"I have been wishing for an opportunity of speaking to you, Miss Adair. There is a question that I—that I—should like to put. One I have very much at heart."

It was coming. In spite of Ellen Adair's studious coldness to him, by which she had meant him to take a lesson and learn that he must *not* speak, she saw that it was coming. In the pause he made, as if he would wait for her permission to go on, she felt miserably uncomfortable. Her nature was essentially generous and sensitive: to have to refuse Mr. Seeley, or any one else, made her feel as humiliated as though she had committed a crime. And she could have esteemed the man apart from this.

They were thus standing: Mr. Seeley looking awkward and nervous, tearing at his glove as no sane man would do; Ellen turning red and white and hot and cold: when Arthur Bohun walked in. Mr. Seeley, effectually interrupted for the time, muttered a good-morning to Captain Bohun and shot into the garden.

"What was Seeley saying, Ellen?"

"Nothing," she rather faintly answered.

"*Nothing!*"

Ellen glanced up at him. His face wore the haughty Bohun look; his mouth betrayed scorn enough for ten of the proud Bohuns put together. She did not answer.

"If he were saying 'nothing,' why should you be looking as you did?—with a great hot blush on your face, and your eyes cast down?"

"He had really said as good as nothing, Arthur. What he might have been going to say, I—I don't know. It was only that minute he had come in."

"As you please," coldly returned Arthur, walking into the garden in his turn. "If you do not think me worthy of your confidence, I have no more to say."

The Bohun blood was bubbling up in a fierce turmoil. Not in doubt of Ellen; not in resentment against her—at least only so in the moment's passion: but in angry indignation that Seeley, a common village practitioner, should dare to lift his profane eyes to Ellen Adair. Captain Bohun had suspected the man's hopes for some short time; there's an instinct in these things; and felt outrageous over it. Tom Graves's venture had filled him with resentment, but he at least was a gentleman of position.

Ellen, wonderfully disturbed, gently sat down to write again; all she did was gentle. And the diary got some sentences added to it.

"That senseless William Seeley! And after showing him as plainly as I could show, that it is useless—that I should consider it an impertinence in him to attempt to speak to me. I don't know whether it was for the worst or the best that Arthur should have come in just at that moment. For the best because it stopped Mr. Seeley's nonsense; for the worst because Arthur has now seen and is vexed. The vexation will not last, for he knows better. Here they are."

Once more Ellen closed her diary. The "Here they are" applied to the doctor and Mrs. Cumberland. They were walking slowly towards the window, conversing calmly on her ailments, and came in. Mrs. Cumberland sat down with her newspaper. As Mr. Seeley took his departure to visit other patients, Arthur Bohun returned. Close upon that, Richard North was shown in. It seemed that Mrs. Cumberland was to be rich in visitors that morning.

That Richard North should find his time hang somewhat on hand, was only natural; he, the hitherto actively-employed man, who had often wished for the day's hours to be doubled, for the business he had to do in it. Richard could afford to make morning calls on his friends now, and he had come strolling to Mrs. Cumberland's.

They sat down. Arthur in the remotest chair he could find from Ellen Adair: she had taken up a bit of light work, and her fairy fingers were plying its threads deftly. Richard sat near Ellen, facing Mrs. Cumberland. He could not help thinking how lovely Ellen Adair was: the fact had never struck him more forcibly than to-day.

"How is the strike getting on, Richard?" Mrs. Cumberland had laid down her newspaper to ask the question. No other theme bore so much present interest in Dallory. From the time that North and Gass first established the works, things had gone on with one continuous smoothness, peace and plenty reigning on all sides. No wonder this startling innovation seemed like a revolution.

"It is going on," replied Richard. "How the men are getting on I don't like to think. The wrong way, of course."

"Your proposition to meet them half-way was rejected, I hear."

"It was."

"What do they expect to come to?"

"To fortune, I should fancy," returned Richard. "To abjure work and *not* expect a fortune must be rather a mistake. A poor look-out at the best."

"But, according to the newspapers, Richard, one half of the working classes that the country contains are out on strike. Do you believe it?"

"A vast number are out. And more are going out daily."

"And what is to become of them all?"

"I cannot tell. The question, serious though it is, appears never to occur to the men or their rulers."

"The journals say—living so much alone as I do, I have time to read many, and I make it my chief recreation—that the work is leaving the country," pursued Mrs. Cumberland.

"And so it is. It cannot be otherwise. Take a case of my own as an example. A contract was offered me some days ago, and I could not take it. Literally *could not*, Mrs. Cumberland. My men are out on strike, and likely to be out; I had no means of performing it, and therefore could only reject it. That contract, as I happen to know, has been taken by a firm in Belgium. They have undertaken it at a cheaper rate than I could possibly have done at the best of times; for labor there is cheaper. It is true. The work that circumstances compelled me to refuse is gone over there to be executed, and I and my men are playing in idleness."

"But what will be the end of it?" asked Mrs. Cumberland.

"The end of it? If you speak of the country, neither you nor I can foresee."

"I spoke of the men. Not your men in particular, Mr. Richard North, but all those that we include under the name of British workmen: the vast bodies of artisans scattered in the various localities of the kingdom. What is to become of those men if the work fails?"

"I see but one of three courses for them," said Richard, lifting his hand in some agitation, for he spoke from the depth of his heart, believing the subject to be of more awful gravity than any that had stirred the community for some hundreds of years. "They must even emigrate—provided that the means to do so can be found; or they must become burdens upon the public charity; or they must lie down in the street and starve. As I live, I can devise no better fate for them."

"And what of the country, if it comes to this?—if the work and the workmen leave it?"

Richard North shrugged his shoulders. It was altogether a question too difficult for him. He would like to get it answered from somebody else very much indeed: just as others would.

"Lively conversation," interposed Captain Bohun, in a half-satirical, half-joking manner, as he rose. It was the first time he had spoken. "I think I must be going," he added, approaching Mrs. Cumberland.

Richard made it the signal for his own departure. As they stood saying adieu, Bessy Rane was seen for a moment at her own window. Mrs. Cumberland nodded.

"There's Bessy," exclaimed Richard. "I think I'll go and speak to her. Will you pardon me, Mrs. Cumberland, if I make my exit from your house this way?"

Mrs. Cumberland stepped outside herself, and Richard crossed the low wire fence that divided the two gardens. Arthur Bohun went to the door, never having said a word of farewell to Ellen Adair. He stood with it in his hand looking at her, smiled, and was returning, when Mrs. Cumberland came in again.

"Won't you come and say adieu to me here, Ellen?"

The invitation was given in so low a tone that she gathered it by the form of his lips rather than by the ear: perhaps by instinct also. She went out, and they walked side by side in silence to the open hall door. Dallory Ham, in its primitive ways and manners left its house-doors open with perfect safety by day to admit the summer air. Outside, between the house and the gate, was a strip of a bed planted with flowers. Arrived at the door, Captain Bohun could find nothing better to talk of than these, as he stood with her on the crimson mat,

"I think those lilies are finer than Mr. North's."

"Mrs. Cumberland takes so much pains with her flowers," was Ellen's answer. "And she is very fond of lilies."

They stepped out, bending over these self-same lilies. Ellen picked one. He quietly took it from her.

"Forgive me, Ellen," he murmured. "I am not a bear in general. Good-bye."

As they stood: her hand in his for the parting greeting; her flushed face downcast, shrinking in maiden modesty from the gaze of love that was bent upon her, Mrs. North's open carriage rolled past. The head of Madam was suddenly pushed as far towards them as safety permitted: her eyes glared; a stony horror sat on her countenance.

"Shameful! Disgraceful!" hissed Madam. And Miss Matilda North by her side started up to see what the shame might be.

Arthur Bohun had caught the words and the hiss: not Ellen: and bit his lips in a complication of feeling.

But all he did was to raise his hat; first to his mother, then to Ellen, as he went out at the gate. Madam flung herself back on the seat; and the carriage pursued its course up the Ham. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gen. Lee.

The statement was recently repeated in "Harper's Weekly," that General Lee remained in Scott's service as a member of his staff until the last moment before joining the Confederates, in order to obtain full knowledge of that officer's plans of future operations. This charge was denied by an Alabama editor, and General Lee has written him this letter:—

LEXINGTON, Va., June 20, 1870.

DEAR SIR—I am much obliged to you for the kind sentiments expressed towards me in your reply from the Messenger and Advertiser, of which you are editor, to the erroneous assertions of Harper's Weekly respecting myself. Though it is difficult to learn the truth, the facts in the charge cited might, I think, have been easily ascertained, inasmuch as I never belonged to the military family of General Scott, or served near his person except when in Mexico, when I was attached to the general staff of the army in that country. Thanking you for the refutation of the charge and for your kind wishes, I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

MAJOR SIDNEY HERBERT, Troy, Ala.

☞ The seventy-five Oriental shoemakers in North Adams are making successful progress. They are reported to be faithful and industrious in their work, and to be able now to make as good a shoe as many journeymen can after years of experience. They are neat in their appearance, always good-natured, and very particular about their food. We are assured that they do *not* eat rats and puppies, notwithstanding what their slanderers have said! They purchase the best articles of food, and are especially fastidious about tea. They neither drink, smoke, nor chew—in which particulars many Americans might follow their example without injury.

☞ A man in Ohio recently killed 15,784 snakes in twenty acres of woods on his farm, and he says there are three times as many left. A correspondent says he is trying to rent out the woods for picnic parties and Sunday-school celebrations, but the people of the neighborhood have hardly any enthusiasm for the place. They say they don't object to a snake or two here and there, but when there are forty thousand in one sylvan glade, there is likely to be too much sociability.

☞ "The manufacture of sins," says Arthur Helps, "is so easy a manufacture, that I am convinced man could readily be persuaded that it was wicked to use the left leg as much as the right; whole congregations would only permit themselves to hop, and would consider that when they walked in the ordinary fashion they were committing a deadly sin."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

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Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

TAKING SIDES.

The way sides are taken in relation to the coming struggle between France and Prussia, is very instructive, not to say amusing, to a calm looker on. Reason has very little to do with it—Feeling and Sympathy settling the whole matter.

Thus all the Germans among us, with the exception of those of Austrian origin, side enthusiastically with Prussia.

All the Frenchmen, even to the Red Republicans, side just as heartily with France.

The Irish, in Ireland, also side enthusiastically with France, for several reasons. First, France is their old ally. Secondly, the English side with Prussia. And the Irish in America doubtless will follow the home lead.

The English side with their old ally Prussia, against their old enemy France. Did not Prussian troops decide the contest at Waterloo? Besides, the Royal families of the two countries are closely allied.

The people of this country, of Northern birth, generally side with Prussia. France leaned towards the South in our Civil War; Prussia towards the North.

But suppose England should become actively engaged in the contest as an ally of Prussia? What are our Northern people to do then? It would not do to be on the same side with England. We think that from that moment, they would begin to veer around towards France.

Or if France should prove the successful party, then look out for a change in the popular sympathy. The belief in the Right of Might is very strong among our people. New light would probably begin to break upon the minds of our daily journalists, and it would be perceived that France had grievances which had not been taken into due consideration.

So nations go—led by their feelings and sympathies, and not by their reason. If we were led by reason, what sensible man could at this time take side with either party? For what is known of the true grounds of quarrel? Almost nothing. We know that Napoleon is a bold, adroit, unprincipled and ambitious schemer—and we know that Bismarck is much the same. But whether Bismarck prompted Prim to make an offer that he knew would be offensive to France, in order to promote a war in which his design would be (as the London *Times* says) the "recovery" of Alsace and Lorraine—or whether Louis Napoleon prompted Prim, in order that France might take offence, and extend her frontier to the Rhine—or whether Prim, for his own purposes, did what he hoped would embroil Europe—who knows?

Almost nothing is known so far, in fact, of the true history of this war. Who is the real instigator of hostilities, the real breaker of the peace of Europe, is a question that it seems impossible, so far, to determine. And this being the case, it seems to us that the wisest policy at present, is to

LONG AGO.

"It is not now as it hath been of yore."

O the days of long ago!
The summer days of long ago!
Still the June promise breaks out in a glow
  Of intense blue sky; and sweet roses blush,
  And woodlands are green with a golden flush,
And along the meadows the mowers go;
  But o'ercrossing it all a shadow sees—
  Is it from the sun, or over our eyes?
No shadows rested there long ago!

O the flowers of long ago!
The primrose banks of long ago!
The woodbine clusters in every hedgerow;
  The cowslip fields with their harvest-like gleam,
  The forget-me-nots growing beside each stream,
The ponds with gay lily-buds all aglow,
  The daisies—no daisies now seem to my mind
  Like the pink-edged daisies we used to find
In the May-bushed meadows long ago!

O the friends of long ago!
The parted friends of long ago!
Alas, that we ever could let them go!
  We have won to us other friends since then—
  Strong-hearted women, true and steadfast men;
We've tried them, and proved them, and found them so:
  But we miss—if the truth we dare confess—
  The trust and the loving unselfishness
Of the dear old friends of long ago!

O the love of long ago!
The fond, young love of long ago!
It was not *all* foolishness, now we know:
  It made for us then a pure paradise
  Of opening flowers and innocent eyes,
Till the thorns and thistles had time to grow.
  With longer and fuller love now we thrill;
  Yet an angel guardeth the memory still
Of our first young love-time, long ago!

O the hopes of long ago!
The brave, vain hopes of long ago!
We vowed to diminish the want and woe
  That darken this earth God made so bright;
  We meant to stand ever firm to the right,
That the world through us should the better grow.
  We felt strong as young giants in our might;
  But who of us all has fought out the fight,
And kept the faith of long ago?

O the sunny long ago!
The careless, happy long ago!
Borne forward on Time's never-ceasing flow,
  We backward glance through the gathering haze
  Of dreary nights, and still drearier days,
To the friends, the hopes, and the lilies' glow;
  And we utter a cry of longing vain
  For the life that we never can live again,
That died in our spring-time long ago!

Yearning so for long ago,
Wailing so for long ago,
A hope arises that softens the woe—
  Of a land where we shall renew our youth,
  And wear the white robes of unwav'ring truth;
And walk in the fields where the amaranths grow,
  And meet a Friend who has ever been true,
  And look on a Sun whom no shadows pursue,
And never more wish for time long ago!

M. CERNUSCHI, the Italian banker, is the hero of a pleasant little story in circulation among the European journals. After the taking of Rome and his imprisonment in Fort St. Angelo, he was compelled to leave Italy. He was without funds, but one of his compatriots said, "Here are 500 francs for which I have no pressing use. They may assist you in your exile." Twelve or fifteen years later Cernuschi, who had become wealthy, learned that his benefactor's daughter was about to be married. He wrote, asking her to accept the 500 francs, which her father had always refused to receive. "I have," said he, "invested this small sum in different enterprises which have succeeded, and I send it to you with the returns it has produced. Your husband, I hope, will not object to this addition to your fortune, which legitimately belongs to you." The 500-franc note inclosed a sum of $100,000.

☞ Barnum, on his trip to the Pacific, did not seem surprised at the boundless plains, broad rivers, and dark gorges and canyons, but while at San Francisco he became quite interested in the sea-lions in the bay, and remarks: "A country that can produce such monsters as these is certainly not a humbug; but a people who have such a curiosity at their doors and have not the brains to utilize it—adults, fifty cents, children half-price—are no higher in the scale of civilization than a Nantucket clam."

☞ THE UPPER END.—Some years ago a delegation of prominent Delaware Republicans called upon President Lincoln, and with a due sense of their own position took occasion to inform him in the course of the visit that they were all influential citizens, and among the "heavy men" of the upper end of the state. "So you all belong to the 'upper end' of the state?" reflected Mr. Lincoln, with a roguish twinkle in his eye; and then, with a look of earnest solicitude, inquired—"Is there no danger of the state tilting while you are away?" If one of these "heavy men" is asked now, when about departing from home, if he is not afraid the state will tilt, he does not seem to like it.

☞ In a quarter of San Francisco, within a radius of 1,700 feet, there are, either finished or in process of erection, three Jewish synagogues, twelve Christian churches, and a Chinese Joss house.

☞ Among the aphorisms in "Lothair" is this: "Nine-tenths of existing books are nonsense, and the clever books are a refutation of that nonsense." The clever books are, of course, very much condensed.

☞ While a man in Elko, California, was recently at work on a telegraph wire, with the end of it in his hand, a flash struck the line some distance away, instantly splitting three of the man's fingers. The electric fluid passed up his arm, across his breast, and down his side, darting out at his knee, leaving a blackened orifice like a bullet-hole, and plunged into the ground. The man was knocked senseless, but soon recovered.

The Tax Bills.

The Tax and Tariff Bill effects a large reduction of taxation, for Congress was compelled to lend an ear to the clamor of the country, and the influence of the Treasury Department was not able to prevail entirely against the unmistakable popular demand for a lightening of the burden. But there is no doubt that Congress might wisely, and with good policy, have made a still further reduction, and that the $60,000,000, or thereabouts, might very well have been increased to a hundred millions and more. So far as we have got at this present writing, the whole system of special or license taxes is abolished except the licenses of brewers and distillers. The income tax is set at two and a half per cent. instead of five, and the exemption is set at $2,000. This relieves the law of a great deal of its practical injustice, for it removes from its pressure most of the men of small fixed salaries.

The House, as we write, has accepted the diminution of percentage and the increase of exemption, but confers with the Senate as to limiting the operation of the tax to the years 1870 and 1871. There will be more gold watches owned in the country hereafter than the singularly small number which have been in existence here since 1863, for the tax on those articles is dropped, as is that on carriages, billiard-tables, gold and silver plate, boats and barges, passports, legacies, and successions, and gross receipts. Stamp taxes are taken off canned fish, transfers of mortgages, and notes of less than $100. Except stamp taxes, no taxes are henceforth to be paid on sales except on sales of tobacco, wines, and cigars.—*The Nation.*

A Novel Ceremony.

A marriage was lately performed before the Mayor of Revenna, Ohio, after this formula:—

"Before you, as witnesses, I agree to take Catharine Stoocl, whom I hold by the right hand, and whom I intelligently, religiously, and spiritually love, to be my companion through life, and to her I accord equal rights, socially, religiously, and politically with myself. WALTER PIERCE."

"Before you, as witnesses, I agree to take Walter Pierce, whom I now hold by the hand, and whom I intelligently, religiously, and spiritually love, to be my companion through life, and I agree not to usurp over or transcend him in any particular.

"CATHERINE STOOEL."

"By this voluntary and premeditated act, in your presence, we declare ourselves religiously, philosophically, and scientifically married. WALTER PIERCE,
CATHERINE PIERCE."

These papers having been duly filed, his Honor completed the contract thus entered into be pronouncing the parties husband and wife.

ONE of the best medicines for dyspepsia is good doses of *laughter*. To be constantly eating meals with a never-broken moroseness will as surely bring on dyspeptic symptoms as the practice is carried out. Those people who allow their religious feelings to exercise a rigid control over their pleasurable emotions are almost invariably dyspeptic, and usually die of consumption. And it is equally deleterious to health to have the brain employed upon abstract matters at meal time. Lively, cheerful conversation with laughter will do much to help digestion, and is in fact one of the best antidotes to dyspepsia. Let all who doubt the statement try it for a suitable length of time before condemning.

THE DRINKING CUP.

The sky is a drinking cup
  That was overturned of old,
And it pours on the heads of men
  Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day
  Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
  By the jewels in the cup.

☞ The London Post, referring to the weather in England being so unfavorable to the crops as to leave "little hope of these being an average produce," is disposed to entertain an opinion that agriculturists have permitted their systems of cultivation based upon scientific theories to lead them beyond the limits that practice pointed to as safe. It points out, that while formerly the heavy rains of winter penetrated the soil so as to render it so thoroughly saturated as to be prepared for excessive drought, the present system of agriculture prevents the moisture resting on the land, and farmers have to depend more on the weather than formerly.

☞ A New York lady received, among her wedding presents, three sewing-machines, six large family Bibles, and ten ice-pitchers. A Boston lady had twenty-one pairs of silver salt-cellars among her bridal presents.

☞ The sponge fishery at the island of Rhodes has been so greatly facilitated by the use of the skaphender or diving machine, of which two hundred are now in use on the coast, that the price of the article is very rapidly falling.

☞ In a recent battle of the birds in Trenton, N. J., where the wrens fought for possession of the nest-houses provided for the imported sparrows, the English birds were driven away, the little bird maintaining its royalty and despotism by its pluck and rapidity of attack.

☞ The following lines were found on a lawyer's table in the Rochester court-house, after the adjournment of court the other day—

Fair woman was made to bewitch;
  A companion, a nurse,
  A blessing, a curse,
Fair woman was made to be-witch!

☞ Professor S——, of Hartford, the other day felt uncomfortably stiff and sore—caught cold, perhaps. He lay down on a lounge, and requested his friend W—— to knead and rub him after the movement cure style. W—— gently beat him on the chest. "How hollow it sounds," said K——, who was looking on. "That's nothing," said W——; "wait till I get to his head."

☞ A German statistical writer remarks that the invention of the sewing-machine has enabled one woman to sew as much as a hundred could sew by hand a century ago; but, he continues, one woman now demands as much clothing as a hundred did a century ago—so that matters are not much changed after all.

☞ Arthur Helps says:—"There is a secret belief amongst some men that God is displeased with man's happiness; and in consequence they slink about creation, ashamed and afraid to enjoy anything."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA and Register of Important Events of the year 1869. Embracing Political, Civil, Military, and Social Affairs, Public Documents, Biography, Statistics, Commerce, Finance, Literature, Science, Agriculture, and Mechanical Industry. Volume IX. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by James K. Simon, 29 South Sixth St., Philada.

CRANBERRY CULTURE. By JOSEPH J. WHITE, a Practical Grower. Illustrated. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. This work aims to embody, in a plain and concise manner, all the useful and practical facts which study and experience have yielded to the inquiring cranberry grower of the present time.

LIFE IN UTAH; or, The Mysteries and Crimes of Mormonism. Being an Expose of the Sacred Rites and Ceremonies of the Latter-Day Saints, with a full and authentic history of polygamy and the Mormon sect from its origin to the present time. By J. H. BEADLE, editor of the Salt Lake Reporter, and Utah correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial. Published by the National Publishing Co., Philada., Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Louis, Mo.; Boston, Mass., and Atlanta, Ga. Issued by subscription only, and not for sale in the book stores. Residents of any state desiring a copy should address the publishers, and an agent will call upon them. Agents are desired in every county.

SONG.

The clover-blossoms kiss her feet,
  She is so sweet,
While I, who may not kiss her hand,
Bless all the wild-flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast,
  She is so blest.
I'm jealous of its arms of gold:
Oh that her form there arms might fold!

Gently the breezes kiss her hair,
  She is so fair.
Let flowers, and sun, and breeze go by;
Oh dearest, love me, or I die.

War in Europe.

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

PARIS, July 15, 8 P. M.—The Corps Legislatif declared war against Prussia ten minutes before 2 this afternoon.

Holland will remain neutral in the struggle. The belligerents have engaged to respect the neutrality of Belgium, yet troops are rapidly concentrating at Antwerp and other strategic points.

The specie and bullion in the National Bank at Antwerp have been removed to the Citadel, and an issue of paper money is announced.

BERLIN, July 15.—The King returns here to-day. There is great excitement here.

The North German Gazette has a despatch from Ems to-day giving the particulars of the withdrawal of Benedetti. It seems that he accosted the King of Prussia while the latter was drinking the waters, demanding peremptorily his intentions on the pending imbroglio.

He was therefore dismissed immediately. The same paper says there is much activity at the Prussian ports, which are being put in a state of defence. Fourteen iron-clads and frigates are ready to start from Brest and Cherbourg.

The Bundesrath of the North German confederation meet here to-day. The Prussian Diet is already in session. Chiefs of all parties assure the King of their unqualified approval of his dignified and energetic attitude.

A resolution was adopted according unlimited credit for national defence. The King of Saxony has abandoned his long-planned tour, and remains at Dresden.

PARIS, July 14, Evening.—It is reported on the best authority that an angry interview occurred between the Emperor and the Prime Minister Ollivier, growing out of the latter's known disposition for peace. The Emperor violently denounced Ollivier's efforts in this direction.

The movement of troops towards the Rhine frontier is incessant. Eastern France is absolutely alive with soldiers. The troops which have hitherto garrisoned Paris have gone, and raw levies are slowly replacing them. Ambulances and caissons throng the streets of the city on their route to the East.

PARIS, July 15, 3 P. M.—The excitement in the city is very great to-day. No opposition to the war is manifested by any class of citizens. Rentes have advanced to 66 francs.

La Liberte reports that great masses of troops were put in motion last night for the frontier, and the Emperor will soon take the field in person.

A proclamation, it is said, signed by Napoleon, has been prepared for distribution throughout the German States as soon as the French troops have crossed the frontier. It assures the German people that France wars against Prussia, not against Germany, and with no idea of conquest. An enormous number of copies have been printed.

EFFECTS OF THE EUROPEAN WAR.—The gold market in New York was greatly excited, and gold advanced to 115.

At the Produce Exchange, too, the excitement runs high, and prices are on the upward tack. Flour was largely purchased for export, at an advance of 15 a 25 per barrel. Wheat is 2 a 3c. higher, and corn 1 a 2c.

The German steamer Hermann will sail as usual. As she carries the United States mails, the owners, think she will not be interfered with. At the Convention of 1866, it will be remembered it was agreed by France and Prussia that in case of war private correspondence and private property should be respected. The next steamer of the line will be the Silesia, to sail next week.

The French Atlantic line say they will dispatch their steamers as usual, in the absence of instructions from the other side, ordering otherwise.

☞ The speed of the tongue is a subject for very curious statistical computation. An English sage says that each person on an average talks during three hours in the twenty-four at the rate of 100 words per minute, or 29 octavo pages per hour, which would make 600 pages per week, or 59 good stout volumes.

☞ A lady wants to know why Hymen is represented with a torch. Perhaps it is to throw a light upon those little imperfections Love is blind to.

☞ Rear Admiral John A. Dahlgren died recently in Washington, aged 60 years.

☞ It is understood that when the Prince of Wales comes to the throne, he will drop the name of Albert, and be known in history as Edward the Seventh.

☞ A DOSE FOR MOSQUITOES.—Take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel, and holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room, and expell the mosquitoes. One night I was terribly annoyed by them, when I thought of and tried the above, after which I never saw nor heard them that night, and the next morning there was not one to be found in the room, though the window had been left open all night.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—5000 bbls sold from $4.85@5.15 for superfine; $5.25@5.50 for extra; $5.75@6.75 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family, $6@7 for Penna do. $6.50@6.75 for Indiana family, $6.50@7 for Ohio do. and $7.50@9 ₰ bbl for fancy brands. Rye: 300 bbls sold at $5.15 ₰ bbl.

GRAIN—18,000 bus Penna red at $1.42@1.50; 1000 bus Delaware red at $1.50 ₰ bus. Rye: 2500 bus sold at $1@1.03 for Western, and $1.08@1.10 ₰ bus for Penna. Corn: 35,000 bus yellow sold at $1.08@1.10 for Penna and Southern, and 75,000 bus Western at $1@1.03 for low mixed, and $1.05@1.07 for high mixed. Oats: 80,000 bus sold at 59@60c for Western; 62@63c for mixed Penna; 64c for bright, and 65c for light Penna.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $20@20.50. Mess Beef at $21@22 ₰ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams are quoted at $30@32 ₰ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 21@22c; Excelsior hams at 24c; sides at 17@18c, and shoulders at 14½@15c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 20@21½c, and shoulders in salt at 13@13½c. Lard—400 bbls and tcs at 16@16¾c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 17½c. Butter—Good roll at 27@28c; very choice do 29c. Cheese at 12½@15c. Eggs sell at 21@22c ₰ dozen.

COTTON—75 bales of middlings sold at 29c for uplands and 29¼c ₰ ₰ for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of No 1 Quercitron at $30 ₰ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Peaches and Apples—Apples at 5@5c, and Peaches at 7@8c for quarters, 9@9c for halves, and 17@19c for pared.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₰ 100 lbs, $1,45@1.50; Mixed do $1,25@1.40; Straw $1,25@1.40.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 16@22c, and Wisconsin at 10@15c ₰ lb.

IRON—No 1 sold at $22@23; No 2 is quoted at $20@20. Bar Iron is quoted at $70@77 ₰ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed we quote at $8@9. Timothy at $7@8. Flaxseed at $2,25@2,25 ₰ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₰ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₰ head. Sheep—11,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ₰ lb. 2300 Hogs sold at from $12.50 to 13,00 ₰ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine that I purchased in November, 1858, and although in use for more than ten years, doing all kinds of work with perfect satisfaction, it still is in good order. I consider it a very excellent machine, and would not part with it for any other consideration than to get one of your present make with the recent improvements."—*Mrs. E. E. McCall, Old Saybrook, Ct.*

Vast Quantities of Ivory Destroyed.

Thousands of teeth that might last a lifetime are lost every year, simply because the parties concerned either forget or do not appreciate the fact that SOZODONT, duly applied, renders the dental substance proof against decay.

Accidents will occur even in the best regulated families, and "SPALDING'S GLUE" should be kept handy.

For the last few years the proprietors of the celebrated PLANTATION BITTERS have been experimenting in the growing of Calisaya Bark on the Island of Jamaica, and have found, from actual tests, and by no means a mean experience, that this valuable bark can be grown with marked success only upon the mountains from 1500 to 2000 feet high. There the forests are often bedewed with the early mist, and this tree arrives at its full perfection. Owing to the largely increasing demand for the bark required for the manufacture of quinine, and also for use in the preparation of Plantation Bitters, the procuring of it has been a source of great anxiety to the proprietors, and seeing, as they did, that the South American supply would soon give out, took the above early precaution to fully supply the demand, and, assisted and encouraged as they are by the English government, at Jamaica, we have not the least doubt but they will succeed.

For a cheap, delicious, and healthful table-dessert there is nothing half so good as Blanc Mange Pudding, Custard, &c., &c., made from SEA MOSS FARINE. Try it and convince yourself.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan on the face use PERRY'S "MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known for removing brown discolorations. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists in Philadelphia and elsewhere. jy2-3t

The Prettiest Woman in New York Miss K——, well known in our fashionable society for her *distingué* appearance and beautiful complexion, was once a sallow, rough-skinned girl, chagrinned at her red, freckled face. She pitched into Hagan's Magnolia Balm, and is now as pretty in complexion as she is charming in manners. This article overcomes freckles, tan, sallowness, moth-patches, ring-marks, etc., and makes one look ten years younger than they are. Magnolia Balm for a transparent complexion, and Lyon's Kathairon to make the hair plentiful, luxuriant, soft and delicate, have no rivals. The Kathairon prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the best and cheapest dressing in the world. jy2-3t

"Skin Diseases." "Swayne's Ointment."

A sovereign remedy for all skin diseases, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Army Itch, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Blotches, Barber's Itch, Ringworm, Itching Piles, &c. No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail for 60 cents, postage paid. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 4th st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. je25-eowtf

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains no LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. jy16-4t

YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Theoretical and Practical Musicians and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Organ, Guitar, Harp, and desiring further information in Music will please apply for circular to the Principal of Vale Seminary, Music Vale Seminary, London Co., Conn. jy2-3m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease. Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, red amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

Health's Best Defence.

"The weak eateth herbs," says St. Paul, so that eighteen hundred years ago the value of medicinal plants was appreciated. In the Old Testament botanical remedies are repeatedly recommended, but in no passage of sacred history is man recommended to swallow calomel, or blue pill, or any other mineral preparation. The sick were directed to eat herbs to strengthen them, to purify them, to heal them, to restore them. In that day the art of making vegetable extracts was unknown. The herbal medicines were mere infusions.

It was reserved for a later age to unite the sanitary essences of tonic, aperient and anti-bilious roots, barks, and plants, with an active stimulant, and thus secure their rapid diffusion through the debilitated or disordered system. The crowning triumph of this effective mode of concentrating and applying the virtues of medicinal vegetables was achieved in the production of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Never before had a perfectly pure alcoholic stimulant been combined with the expressed juices of the finest specifics of the vegetable kingdom. Never yet, though eighteen years have elapsed since its introduction, has this great restorative been equalled. It is taken at all seasons, in all climes, as the most potent safeguard against epidemics, as a protection against all unhealthy exhalations that produce debility or beget disease; as a remedy for intermittent and other malarious fevers; as an appetizer; as a sovereign cure for dyspepsia; as a general tonic and invigorant; as a gentle, painless aperient; as a blood depurent; as a nervine; as a cure for bilious affections; as a harmless anodyne; and as the *best defence of health* under unfavorable circumstances, such as sedentary pursuits, undue bodily or mental exertion, hardship, privation and exposure. jy2-6t

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 6th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, ROBERT S. LEAGUE to MARY M. CORNWELL, daughter of the late Capt. Jos. Michaels, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Emerson, Mr. JOHN E. COCHRAN to Miss MARY E. R. WEBER, both of this city.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JAMES B. WALKER to Miss MARIA M. BRIAN, both of this city.

On the 18th of Oct., by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. HENRY N. WYNKOOP to Miss ELLA M. HEFFRON, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Matthew Gelley, Mr. ROBERT C. FARRELL to Miss ELIZABETH WINCHESTER, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. S. C. Wolley, Mr. GEORGE C. FITHIAN to Miss MARY A. YOUNG, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, DANIEL HARNER, in his 68th year.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM H. KELLEY, in his 25th year.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM MASON, in his 80th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. TAMSON HOFFMAN, in her 58th year.

On the 11th instant, ABRAHAM WILKINS, in his 70th year.

On the 10th instant, JOHN J. CAMPBELL, in his 33d year.

On the 10th instant, MARTHA WILLIAMS, in her 71st year.

On the 9th instant, ELIZABETH SHEATTON, aged 39 years.

On the 8th instant, REBECCA, wife of David Chambers, in her 59th year.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told!

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

Advertising for a Burglar.

In the year 18—, there resided in the north of England a gentleman who was known as Sir William Marston. He was one of those men who are cool and calculating—always looking before them. He had made all his money at iron-working; but after getting his title he thought fit to "sell out" and retire.

He accordingly chose a residence in Durham, and resided there for three years, when he determined to build a large mansion for himself; and he accordingly consulted with an architect, and the drawing and specifications were made out, tenders received, and the work proceeded with.

Now when this mansion was built, Sir William found that every one was admiring it, and artists came and sketched it before the glass was in the windows. Every one declared it perfection, all but Sir William himself.

A very unpleasant idea had come into Sir William's head. He intended to keep a good many valuables as well as money on the premises. Thus the question arose, "Was it burglar proof?" The architect assured him it was; the inspector of police said so, too; he thought so himself—but he would like to be sure. The following advertisement accordingly appeared in some of the local papers a few days after the house was finished:—

NOTICE TO BURGLARS AND OTHERS.—Whereas, Sir William Marston, having gone to great expense in the building of his new mansion, "Fallow Hill," is desirous of ascertaining whether it be burglar-proof or not, and with that object has placed in his writing table drawer the sum of five hundred pounds. And whosoever shall, with the ordinary appliances of a burglar, contrive to abstract the said five hundred pounds *without being caught in the act*, shall be permitted to enjoy the same, on condition that he write to the said Sir William Marston and fully inform him how he did succeed in abstracting the same; and be it known, no steps shall be taken to recover the money or bring the offender to justice. But if the said burglar be caught, he shall be bound to state how he entered the premises, and how he *proposed* abstracting the money, and then he shall be permitted to depart.

A week passed, and Sir William was getting in servants for his establishment, buying furniture, horses and carriages, and all the paraphernalia necessary for the comfort of a mansion. Still there came no answer to his extraordinary advertisement. At last a thought struck him. He put the advertisement in again, adding that "no extraordinary precautions would be taken to preserve the house from being broken into."

The next day Sir William was sitting in the small room adjoining his office, quietly reading a book, when the footman entered, and stood waiting till his master should speak.

"Well?" at last he said, looking up.

"A man wanting to speak to you, sir. Says he believes you want a groom. He can groom, sir; harness a horse, clean a carriage, first-rate at gardening, rubbing up knives and forks, cleaning windows—in fact, sir, I assure you, by his own account, he is a 'very handy man.'"

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Decent enough, sir—tall, determined-looking; a kind of man as would knock dander out of you, sir, or could—"

"That will do; show him in."

"He has a portmanteau, sir. Shall I take care of it? It might—"

"Less o' your lip!" Sir William was becoming the iron-founder again. "Show him in."

He was shown in, and began to run up his accomplishments, which, to Sir William, seemed very suitable. He was just the sort of man he wanted, and Sir William began to think of clenching the bargain.

While they were quibbling about terms, they were assailed by a strong smell of burning, and a scream suddenly startled them. Upon hearing loud shouts of "Fire!" Sir William and the man instantly rushed to the door; but the man suddenly fell headlong on the floor—Sir William darting off to the scene of the conflagration.

Upon arriving in the hall he found volumes of smoke coming from a cupboard under the stairs, and he immediately ordered in the little hand fire engine kept in the kitchen (a thing no mansion should be without.) He ran it up to the cupboard door, and seizing the hose in his left hand, he commenced to pump furiously with the right, and the little lever-handle was almost invisible, with such speed did it go up and down. The footman kicked away the portmanteau that had been left in the hall, and burst the cupboard door open, and then proceeded to drag to light a vast assortment of rags, and brown paper, and damp straw, all of which made a terrible smoke, although no flame was visible. It was soon put out, and Sir William returned to his room.

He found the door locked on the inside upon his arrival; but this did not startle him at first. He knocked, but he got no answer; so, quietly stepping back along the passage (being a powerful man,) he flung himself at the door, and it gave way with a crash. The room was empty.

He looked everywhere, and found two things—viz: that the window was wide open, and that his five hundred pounds were gone.

He was mortified in the extreme. Had this man who wanted a situation taken his money? If so, was it a plot to do so, or merely that, knowing there was money there, he had availed himself of the opportunity and taken it? He thought the latter.

The man that was at the porter's lodge said that he saw a man come in the morning of the fire with a portmanteau, and that soon afterward he saw him running toward the gate, saying he was going for the fire-engines; so he let him pass.

The next morning Sir William received a letter by the post, which puzzled him not a little. It ran as follows:—

"SIR:—Having seen your advertisement in the ——— inviting burglars to break in and steal, I thought that as it was hardly to be called a crime, this housebreaking—being, in fact, an out-of-the-way proof of the safety of your house—I might with safety venture to show you that 'forcibly entry' is not the only way of robbing a house. And, moreover, as you specified so accurately where the rhino was, I determined to possess it.

"I accordingly took an old portmanteau and filled it with some very smoky and inflammable, but not dangerous, materials; and, donning some old clothes, I proceeded to your mansion.

"As I had often visited it while it was building, I knew it well; and so, upon giving an elaborate message to the footman, I stayed in the hall while he delivered it; but I was not idle. I knew of the cupboard under the stair, and immediately opening it, I emptied my portmanteau and lighted a match and applied it to the damp straw and the bits of brown paper, and then I quietly closed the door and pocketed the key knowing it would be some time before the smoke would ooze through.

"I then palavered to your highness till the alarm was given, whereupon I pretended to trip and fall while running for the door; but picked myself up, immediately locked the door, forced all the drawers of your writing-table, pocketed the money, and, lifting up the window, leaped on to the lawn—a good jump, certainly; but I ran off toward the gate. Here I was stopped. I pointed to the smoke coming through the hall door, said I was going for the engines—and then quietly returned home.

"It is my intention to indulge in a tour to the United States with the five hundred pounds I procured by my ingenuity.

"Pray remember they are not all thieves that steal, and believe me, yours truly,

"A VERY HANDY MAN."

Sir William never put any more advertisements in the paper to say where his money was.

Don't Use Slang Words.

Girls, don't talk slang! If it is necessary that any one should do that, let it be your big brother, though we would advise him not to adopt "pigeon English" when there is an elegant systemized language he can just as well use. But don't you do it. You can have no idea how it sounds to ears unused to or adverse to it, to hear a young lady, when she is asked to do something she does not wish to, "can't see it!"

Not long ago we heard a young Miss who is educated and accomplished, say, in speaking of a young man that she intended "to go for him!" and her sister asked her assistance at some work, she answered "Not for Joe."

Now, young ladies of unexceptionable character and really good education fall into this habit, thinking it shows smartness to answer in slang phrases; and they soon slip flippantly from their tongues with a saucy pertness, that is not ladylike or becoming. Young men who talk in that way do not care to hear it from the lips they love or admire. It sounds much coarser then.

"I bet," or "you bet," is well enough between men who trade horses or lands; but the contrast is startling and positively shocking when a young man is holding the hand of his lady love, to hear those words issue from her lips. They seem at once to surround her with the rougher associations of his daily life and bring her down from the pedestal of purity, whereon he had placed her, to his own coarse level.

And really, slang does not save time in the use of language, as an abbreviation No! is shorter and more decided than "not much!" and "I know," or "I'll bet." More than one promised wedding has been indefinitely postponed by such means; for however remiss young men may be themselves, they look for better things in the girls of their choice; and it does not help them mend a bad habit to adopt it too. Besides, two wrongs never make it right. We know the bright-eyed girl who reads this will think the matters over and say we are right.

☞ "What are you looking after, my dear?" said an affectionate mother to her daughter at a watering place. The daughter looked around and replied, "looking for a son-in-law for father."

☞ "I owe you one," said a withered old bachelor to a lady the other night at a party. "For what?" said she. "Why for calling me a young gentleman." "If I did so," was the rather ill-natured reply, "I beg you will not regard it as a compliment; for though an old *man*, you may still be a young *gentleman*."

ON THE SHORE.

"Going away," I think you said?
With never a word for me;
Going away, and I turn my head
In vain, for the sun in the west is dead—
All dead on the darkling sea.

Why did he leave me thus? God knows!
Weary, I think of his love;
He left me a kiss and a new-plucked rose,
And I—for fancy sake, I suppose—
Gave him my violet glove.

The ships sail over the sea, I know,
Too far for a maiden's sight;
The ships sail on, the strong winds blow,
And some to the lands of the Orient go,
And some to the starless night!

I look, and over the waves afar
The white sails flicker and gleam,
And the ship rides gayly over the bar!
But the night is black with never a star,
And my heart is sad with its dream.

Only the dim of the sea's far strand,
Only the dark I see;
For he left me here by the trodden sand,
With only a rose in my little hand,
And never a word for me!

The Story of a Mutiny.*

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

It was during the earlier days of the Army of the Potomac—if I mistake not, shortly after McClellan had sat down to the siege of Yorktown—and before that army had received that baptism of fire and blood, and had gained that terrible discipline in the soldier's duty, which the campaigns of the next three years brought it, that one of its infantry regiments openly mutinied. Of course, that regiment was not without its grievance; even the worst of soldiers (and these were by no means such) never undertake to revolt against discipline and to defy orders without cause for complaint. The regiment in question, although less than six months under arms, and never yet under fire, had performed difficult and arduous service. Both before Yorktown and elsewhere, these men had patiently and faithfully done their part; they had marched through long nights over muddy roads, when sleep overtook them in the ranks while they wearily plodded on; they had bivouacked on the cold ground, shelterless and without fire; and they had unmurmuringly laid aside the musket and toiled in the trenches under soaking rains. Yet all this time they had not received a cent of pay; and clothing was scantily and tardily furnished them.

Why it was, I never exactly learned; but those who were in the volunteer service can readily understand how careless and incompetent officers may cause such injustice as this to brave and deserving men. For months they had submitted to this cruel neglect, while the other regiments of the brigade had been paid and clad with comparative promptness; and the respectful representations they had from time to time forwarded to their regimental commander had produced no results. At first loud and bitter complaints were heard from them; then, as time passed and their condition was not bettered, a silence succeeded which the officers should have seen was ominous of a desperate purpose. That purpose was reached without the knowledge of an officer or an orderly sergeant; excepting these it had the assent of every man present with the regiment. Mutiny was their determination; and the ringleaders waited a few days for an occasion to make their action perfectly effectual.

The occasion came; just the one that had been anticipated and desired. The regiment was not at the time on duty in the trenches; its labors had entitled it to a rest, and it had been drawn back to an open spot some distance from the line of the brigade. It lay in the prescribed form of infantry encampment—a canvas village with ten streets, each bounded by a row of tents on either side, and the parade-ground directly in front. Dress-parade had been held for several evenings; and on that preceding the morning of the mutiny, the arms were left stacked in regimental line, with a guard over them. This was probably in obedience to general orders to the whole command, and intended as a precaution to insure readiness in case of a sally by the enemy. After the retreat had sounded that night, the order was communicated to each company that the arms were to be taken after reveille roll-call the following morning; and in the silence of the night other orders, were secretly communicated to the men by the ringleaders, and the mutiny was rife.

The night passed, and with the gray of dawn the shriek and rattle of reveille resounded successively from the camps of a hundred regiments, and the drum-corps of this one speedily aroused it from slumber. The officers, hardly awake, heard the confusion, the buzzing and humming caused by the calling of the names of Brown, Jones and Robinson, and the rest, by the orderlies; and then the mingled command from ten throats:

"Take—arms!"

A pause, a silence followed; then angry and vehement expostulation; but no rattle or clash such as the taking of arms from the stack causes. The command was repeated and reiterated, with more expostulation; and next the commandant of each company was visited by the vexed, scared face of his first sergeant, and the startling information that the company would not take arms. Some of the officers received the intelligence with incredulity; some gave vent to their vexation, and unjustly upbraided the poor orderlies; but all finally put on their swords and repaired to the scene of mutiny, with substantially the same remark: "We'll see if they won't take arms for *me*."

They did see; and they quickly assured themselves that the men would not put forth a hand in obedience to this particular order.

"Attention!" shouted the captain of the first company; and every man promptly came to position.

"Take—arms!" Not a hand stirred.

"Right—face!" The command was instantly obeyed.

"Front!" The company came back to line with beautiful precision.

"Take—arms!" But not a hand answered the words, though Captain M——— vociferated them to the full compass of his powerful lungs.

So in every company, the men promptly obeyed every order but this one; and that, not a man obeyed. Not a word, not even a defiant look accompanied their disobedience; they simply stood like so many statues, and moved not a muscle in answer to the command. The captains threatened, begged, and some swore; and neither their anger nor their humility had the least effect upon those seven hundred determined men. After half an hour of unavailing effort, despairing of accomplishing anything themselves, the commandants repaired to the colonel's tent, and astounded him with the news that his regiment was in open mutiny. He listened with angry impatience to the particulars they gave him, and then hastened to buckle on his sword.

"Come with me," he said. "By heavens, I don't think they'll fail to obey when *I* give them the order."

He was mistaken; as much so as the captains had been before him. The line stood motionless behind the stacks when he reached the parade; and ordering the officers to take their places, he took his own, in front of the centre. Drawing his sword, he shouted in the voice that no man in the regiment had ever yet disregarded:

"Take—*arms!*" And still not a man obeyed.

The colonel was profoundly excited; more so than he had been since he dropped his plough-handles and mounted one of the plough horses to raise his regiment, on hearing of the President's proclamation. He began by inviting the ringleaders to step out and inform him of the object of this mutiny. The ringleaders wisely remained in their places in the ranks; but half a dozen voices, in which no individual voice was distinguishable, cried out:

"We want pay and clothing, like the other regiments."

"You shall have both," the colonel eagerly responded. "Only take arms and return to your duty, and I will immediately represent your grievances at head-quarters."

A tumult of answering cries followed his words, uttered in anger, derision, and incredulity. "It's all work and no pay with us." "We're the ragged scarecrows of the brigade." "We've heard that story before." "Tell that to the marines." "No pay, no muskets."

"Attention!" shouted the colonel; and the regiment instantly came back to silence and position.

Thereupon the colonel made an earnest and impassioned harangue of fifteen minutes, while dozens of curious spectators from the neighboring regiments stood about, viewing the extraordinary scene. He promised the men that he would give his personal attention to their grievances until they were redressed; he represented to them that their mutiny would certainly be ineffectual for the purposes they sought; and he begged them to save the good name of the regiment from the disgrace with which their disobedience threatened it. Hardly doubting that his address would produce the desired effect, he concluded it with a repetition of the command:

"Take—*arms!*"

Each and all stood like a rock; and not a single hand moved toward the muskets.

The mutiny was becoming serious. For more than an hour the entire regiment had stubbornly refused to resume their arms, and the persuasion and authority as well of the commanding officer as of the line had fallen idly upon their ears. The excited colonel ordered, "Break ranks," which was quietly obeyed; and calling for his horse, he rode off on a gallop to brigade headquarters.

Our brigadier had come from the regular cavalry to accept his command in the volunteers; and he was one of the best disciplinarians that West Point ever gave to the army. He was much past the middle age, and had seen arduous and distinguished service in Mexico and the West. He was a man of medium height, or perhaps something above it, with hair dashed with gray, sandy whiskers and moustache, a massive forehead, and face with the wrinkles of service, and bushy eyebrows, overhanging a pair of keen, incisive eyes. His presence was habitually stern, somewhat forbidding; the habitual expression of his face was one of determination. Yet he had one of the kindest of hearts, and his commands invariably learned, before he had done with them, that their comfort and safety were at all times the objects of his anxious solicitude. He was far braver than generals are apt to be; when his troops went into battle he was always upon the line with them, exposed to the fire; and not Sheridan himself was more careless of personal danger, more reckless of bullets, at Obequan and Cedar Creek, than was this man. His troops of course loved him—when they knew him.

He listened to the story of the colonel on this morning with evident displeasure, which found expression in a few words which were more forcible than elegant; but I venture to say that no general officer in the armies would have said less under the circumstances. He listened attentively to the details of the mutiny as the colonel gave them, and when the latter had finished, he said:

"They won't take arms—eh?"

"No, sir, they won't. Any order they'll obey, but not that."

"Well, sir, are any of your officers in this business?"

"Not one, general, nor any of the orderlies," was the eager reply.

The General took one turn across his tent-floor.

"Return to your camp, sir," he said, "and assemble your officers in front of your tent. I'll be there in a few moments."

The colonel rode away, not very easy in mind, and wondering what was about to happen. The general ordered his horse and called in his aides.

"Get up your horses immediately. Captain ———, ride over to Captain ———; give him my compliments, and tell him to bring a section of his artillery to the camp of the —th Ontonagon Infantry, immediately! Lieutenant ———, hasten to Colonel ——— and Colonel ——— (commanding regiments of the brigade,) and tell them, with my compliments, to march their commands, under arms, to the same place. You will accompany them there."

A few moments later the men of the rebellious regiment, gathered into knots in the company streets and about the parade, and conferring in whispers together, saw the general, followed by a single orderly, ride through the camp back to the colonel's tent. Some of them saw from a distance that the officers were formed in a single line in front of the tent, with the field officers on the right, the captains next, and the lieutenants on the left.

The general dismounted, and taking a brief survey of the faces before him, turned to the colonel.

"Sir," he said, sternly, "do you refuse to perform duty?"

"No, sir!" was the emphatic answer.

He turned to the line, and passing down it, addressed the same question to each officer, beginning with the lieutenant-colonel and ending with the last subaltern. One and all unhesitatingly gave the same response as the colonel.

"Now, sir," said the general to the latter, "get your men in line. I'll end this outbreak in ten minutes."

And then he added the same remark that the officers of the regiment had made: "We shall see if they'll disobey *me*."

The assembly was sounded. The companies formed in their streets, and were marched to their places in line behind the stacks. The faces of the men were grave and serious, but generally showed no abatement of purpose. That purpose was, it was afterward confessed, not to resume their arms until the paymaster and the quartermaster should have actually visited them and given them their dues of pay and clothing. But in many of those faces there was anxiety as well as determination visible, and all, officers and men, awaited the general's proceedings with such feelings as had never before been theirs.

They had not long to wait. Two regiments of the brigade marched upon the ground, and under the direction of the aides were formed in a long line, facing the mutineers, at shouldered arms, perhaps seventy yards distant. Captain ———, with two pieces of artillery, came up before the formation was finished, and by similar direction one piece was posted upon each flank of the line in such a manner as to enfilade an entire wing of the mutineers.

For half a minute after these ominous dispositions there was an awful silence. It was broken by the voice of the general in the stern command:

"Load!"

The long line of muskets went to the ground with a shock, and the ringing of rammers in the barrels, and the thumping in the bore of the cannon, sent a thrill to the nerves of those who looked and listened.

"Load with grape," was the command to the artillery. Then followed the orders:

"Ready!—Aim!"

The aspect of the scene when the general rode between the lines, passing in the centre and facing the mutineers, was such as might well have carried apprehension to the stoutest heart. At least one thousand bright musket barrels were levelled, ready for the word that would hurl their deadly contents into the breasts before them, while upon either flank was a field-piece charged with grape, the gunner standing lanyard in hand, only waiting for the word to belch out destruction upon the misguided men.

"Let the officers retire behind the brigade line," the general commanded.

They did so.

"Men of —— regiment," he said, in stentorian tones, "listen to me! I shall not stop now to inquire why you have disgraced yourselves and the command this morning by disobedience to your officers. I shall merely give you *one order*. If you obey, well; if not—you will have no other chance. In that case, I shall move to the rear of the brigade, and then—by the living God, I will blow every man of you to destruction!"

He *looked* the threat, as well as uttered it; and then, in a voice of thunder, he gave the command.

"*Take*—ARMS!"

It was done on the instant. Never did the regiment execute that order in better time; the stacks were broken, and the mutineers, fairly frightened out of their folly, again stood with shouldered arms.

The whole command was brought to an order; and the general, speaking with difficulty from the emotions of the moment, addressed the regiment with such kindness as brought tears to the eyes of many a tall soldier. He briefly pointed out to them the magnitude of their act as a military offence, and made them understand that mutiny in an army can never result in anything but discredit, or worse, to those who undertake it; and he reminded them that the cause in which all were engaged was most injured by such acts of insubordination. Their causes of complaint were just, he said, and if their officers were in fault they should be punished for it. "Full justice shall be done you, and speedily," he said; "but in future, never let me hear from you in *this* way. There are other and better ways to correct evils in the ranks than this."

He left the ground with the respect and affection of every man there; but his interview with the officers, which immediately followed, was of a different character. Addressing himself to all, but more particularly to the colonel, he gave them an excoriating lecture upon their carelessness and gross neglect of the interests of their men.

"I should be glad to think," he concluded, "that none of you are troubled with incompetency as well as carelessness. You are all of you to blame in this matter; nothing of this kind ever happens unless the officers are in fault. And I give you distinctly to understand that if anything of this sort ever occurs here again, I'll court-martial every one of you."

He never had occasion to execute the threat. The regiment was paid up and clothed within a week; and from this time forward every man and every officer of it made it his particular duty to efface the stigma cast upon the regiment by this affair. That they succeeded, the records of the arduous campaigns and bloody battles in which it bore a heroic part, and which are written in the history of their country, will attest.—*The Galaxy for August.*

* The material for this sketch came to the writer from a friend, a gentleman of the medical staff, who was present at the time of the mutiny as assistant surgeon of one of the regiments; and it is undoubtedly true. The officer referred to is General William H. Emory, afterward distinguished as commander of the Nineteenth Army Corps. He is now (January, 1870,) on duty with his regiment at the West. From personal knowledge of the man, acquired while attached to his staff in the Shenandoah, the writer recognizes this incident as perfectly characteristic of this stern, faithful soldier.

"Mary and Martha."

On one occasion there was a gathering of friends at the house of the late Dr. Archer, of London. Among other guests were Dr. Harris, author of "Mammon," and Dr. Philip, of Maberly Chapel, the worthy author of "The Marthas," "The Marys," etc. In the course of conversation the question was mooted, which was the most amiable of the two sisters of Bethany, Mary or Martha? Dr. Archer immediately replied, "I prefer Martha for the unselfishness of her character, in being more ready to provide for the comforts of her Lord than to gratify herself." "Pray," rejoined Dr. Harris, addressing Dr. Philip, "what is your view? which of the two do you think would have made the best wife?" "Well, really," replied the good man, "I am at a loss; though, I dare say, were I making the choice for myself, I should prefer Mary." Mr. Archer, turning to Dr. Harris, said, smartly, "Pray, Dr. Harris, which of the two should you prefer?" The author of "Mammon" was only for a moment disconcerted, and replied in a style that set the table in a roar, "Oh, I think I should choose Martha *before* dinner, and Mary *after* it."

"It cannot be possible," they cried. "Where upon earth can the child have come from?"

And as everybody knew everybody else in the town and surrounding district, and as there was no other town or village within a distance of several miles, it did seem very strange, and hardly probable that the infant could have been brought from a great way off to have been left at the door of the pastor at Hanstadt.

Curiosity was excited to the utmost; and though the churches in Dalecarlia are usually well attended—for the Swedes of the provinces are a moral, church-going people—there was an unusually large attendance at the parish church of Hanstadt on that fair Sabbath morning, and the congregation quitted the church satisfied that the report they had heard and doubted was really true, for the good Pastor Vilhelmsen took occasion to allude to the circumstance in the interval between the prayers and the sermon.

"My good people," said the pastor, "you may have heard that this Sabbath morning an infant child was found beneath my porch. I know not who are its parents, nor what sad influences have induced its mother—if, indeed, its mother be living—to forsake her sucking child; but it hath pleased Providence to render my wife and me childless, and perchance this poor innocent hath been delivered to our care that we may be the humble means whereby it may be rescued from a life of sin and shame, and an eternity of misery and woe unutterable. I therefore declare, in the presence of you my beloved people, that my wife and I have resolved to adopt this poor forsaken infant, and to do our best to bring it up in the love and fear of its Creator, in the hope and trust that it may yet become a worthy and useful member of society."

Pastor Vilhelmsen was both loved and respected by the people of his church, and the majority of his hearers joined heartily and sincerely in the prayer that he offered up in behalf of the poor forsaken babe. But there were a few whose rigidly righteous principles would have led them to visit the sins of the parents upon their helpless offspring, and who, forgetting the merciful teachings of Christianity, professed to have Scriptural authority for their harsh treatment.

The infant could not be left to perish in the midst of a Christian community; but they would have consigned it to the care of a hired nurse, to be brought up at the least possible cost, and to be set to labor for its own support at the earliest possible age. They professed to believe that the course their pastor proposed would offer encouragement to wrong-doers, and tempt others to the commital of sin, and prophesied that sooner or later the pastor and his wife would suffer for their ill-judged humanity, and would discover, when it was too late, that they had taken a serpent to their bosoms; "For," said they, "it is unreasonable to expect that the child of sin and shame will be untainted with the guilt of its parents, and the day will come when the hearts of the foster-parents will be stung to the core by the ingratitude of their adopted child."

Pastor Vilhelmsen and his wife, however, conscious of their own good intentions towards the child, took little heed of these ill-natured remarks, and were rather glad than sorry when the efforts which the authorities thought themselves bound to make to discover the unnatural parents proved unsuccessful. They took to their bosoms and cherished with parental love and care the stray waif of humanity which Providence had brought to their door, and lavished upon it that wealth of human love which every good man, and more especially every good and kind-hearted woman, craves to bestow upon young children; and as to the community of the little town of Hanstadt, they soon ceased to interest themselves in the little foundling.

The infant was christened Karl, the Christian name of Madame Vilhelmsen's father, and the pastor bestowed upon it his own surname. A healthy young woman was hired as a nurse, and when the child reached a proper age, the pastor took upon himself the charge of his education.

About six years after the discovery of Karl beneath the pastor's porch, Madam Lynde, the wife of the mayor, died, shortly after she had given birth to a daughter, and the little orphan girl was entrusted by her disconsolate father to the care of Madame Vilhelmsen. Thus the two children, the foundling and the motherless girl, grew up together. When Karl was seven years old his greatest delight was to be permitted to nurse his little sister, as he called Paulina Lynde: and when Paulina grew older she learnt to regard Karl as her brother.

Years passed away, and, greatly to the delight and satisfaction of his foster-parents, Karl grew to be not only a healthy and good-looking, but also an obedient and intelligent youth; and when he was fifteen years of age, he was taken into the counting-house of Mayor Lynde, where he conducted himself so well, that before he was twenty years old the mayor entrusted to his charge the entire management of the business of the mines. Long before this, however, the brotherly and sisterly affection of Karl and Paulina had grown into a faithful and ardent affection of a more tender nature, and when some intermeddling, busybody informed Herr Lynde of the fact, the worthy mayor replied that he had seen it long ago, and that he knew no one so well fitted as Karl to succeed to his business when he was called hence, no one to whom he would so cheerfully entrust the happiness of his darling child.

If, as the poet sings, "the course of true love never does run smooth," the love of Karl and Paulina was the exception which proves the rule. The course of their love ran smooth and tranquil as their hearts could desire. Nothing, except perhaps the envy of a few disappointed suitors for Paulina's hand, disturbed its placid current; and for this envy, if it existed, they little cared. Pastor Vilhelmsen and his wife, and Herr Lynde and themselves were alike satisfied. What more could they desire?

So Karl and Paulina were to be married on Christmas day, and for a month previously preparations for the wedding were going forward.

Madame Vilhelmsen and Dame Fronde—the mayor's housekeeper—both had their hands full; for the two women took an innocent pleasure in the endeavor to render the wedding of Karl and Paulina the grandest that had been witnessed in Hanstadt since when, twenty years before, Herr Lynde—then a gay and wealthy young bachelor—had led to the altar Marie Fensvelde, the only daughter of the suvenseriver, or district judge, and the *belle* of the Province of Dalecarlia. Paulina was also busy as a bee; for, mayor's daughter though she was, she thought it a matter of course, as well as a source of pleasure, to assist in the making up of her dresses, according to the custom of Dalecarlia, no matter how great the wealth or how high the social position of the bride. And Karl, what was he about the meanwhile? Was he giving himself up to idle day-dreams of the future happiness in store for him? Not altogether; though such day-dreams, it is reasonable to imagine, did occupy much of his time; for Karl had yet some onerous duties to fulfill before Christmas day should come round.

The mines had been unusually productive this year, and Herr Lynde had determined to make certain improvements in the machinery employed, and to erect new and more capacious buildings for the miners, and for storing the copper ore; and now that this work was completed, the machinists, and engineers, and builders were to be paid before Christmas day, in order that the mayor might, in conformity with his long-established practice, begin the new year free from debt.

It had been arranged, therefore, that Karl Vilhelmsen was to set out for Alsen, a town on the sea-coast, in which, the work had been completed—about ten days before Christmas, with the money to pay these debts.

The journey, going and returning—allowing two entire days for the transaction of business—could be easily accomplished in a week, so that Karl would be back three days before Christmas day. But, allowing that he might be detained a day or two longer by some unforseen occurrence, he would at any rate, be home before Christmas eve, when a large party was to assemble at the mayor's house in honor of the approaching wedding—the guests who had come from a distance having been invited to sleep beneath the roof of the hospitable host, that they might be in readiness to witness the ceremony and unite in the festivities of the following day.

Mademoiselle Paulina, however, was not at all pleased with the arrangement. She did not like the idea of Karl's journey at this interesting period; and the evening before his departure, when she was standing with him in the balcony of her father's house, and both were talking hopefully, as youthful and affianced lovers are wont to talk of their future prospects, she said, wistfully—

"I wish, dear Karl, you were not going this long journey at this inclement season. My father might well leave these debts unpaid until after Christmas day."

"Will the weather be fairer, or the frosts less keen, after Chrismas, Paulina?" asked Karl, with a smile. "Do not the severest frosts and the deepest snows come with the new year?"

"It may be so," returned Paulina. "Nevertheless, I wish you were not going away now, when, when—"

"When our wedding day is at hand, you would say, Paulina? Believe me, dear girl, I have no wish to leave you now. I would rather remain at home. But you know our father—I may speak thus, Paulina; Herr Lynde will soon be my father as well as thine—would be ill at ease were the new year to come and find a heavy debt unpaid, and it is worth some sacrifice to give pleasure to the good old man. Then think, dearest, what a long holiday we shall enjoy together, you and I, until May, when the calls of business will again demand much of my time."

"Still, I would not have you undertake this journey," reiterated Paulina. "What if harm should befall you, Karl? For me, I should die."

"Silly girl!" answered Karl, playfully toying with Paulina's silky, golden curls as he spoke; "what harm is likely to befall me? Don't I know the road well? Have not I often journeyed over it? Do you fear robbers? When did you hear of a robbery being committed in Dalecarlia? You never feared evil before, Paulina. No, no, my little bride, fear nothing; all will go well, and I shall be home again, please God, three days before Christmas day."

Still Paulina persisted in saying that she wished the journey could be deferred, and when pressed to give a reason for her groundless fear, could give none other than the girlish reason, that she wished Karl to remain at home "because she did;" and when the lovers parted for the night the last words she uttered were—

"Dear Karl, be home, if possible, on the seventh day from this, or I shall fear some evil hath happened. I know it is foolish in me, but I cannot help it—indeed I cannot. You *will* return on Tuesday week, will not you, Karl?"

"Trust me, I will if I can," returned the young man. "I will not delay a moment longer than I can help. But if I should be unavoidably detained, you must not give way to idle fears, Paulina. At any rate, I will be home to join the party on Christmas eve."

And so the lovers parted.

Karl was to set out on horseback at six o'clock on the following morning—long before the winter sun made his appearance in that northern region—his gold, notes, and papers safely stowed in his saddle-bags. He also carried a pair of horse-pistols, though more for show than use; for, as he had intimated to Paulina, crimes of violence—or, in fact, crime of any description, was almost unknown, at this period, in Dalecarlia. He was to journey on horseback only as far as the mines—about twenty miles from Hanstadt. Arrived at the spot, he was to put up at the post-house, or roadside inn, near by, and visit the mines and take account of the store of copper ore remaining on hand, and pay the men still employed their wages for the last month's labor, and write them their discharges; for work would be suspended from Christmas until spring. He was then to return to sleep at the inn or post-house, and the next morning to leave his horse in charge of the postmaster until his return, and walk through the forest to the village of Torrand—two miles distant, where he was to take passage in the post-cariole for Alsen.

Early as was the hour, Paulina had risen, and was watching at the window of her bed-chamber when Karl rode past; and that he had anticipated this was evident from the fact that he made a *detour* of several streets purposely that he might pass the mayor's house. Karl raised his cap and waved it, and Paulina flung open the window in spite of the severe cold, and, after a superstitious custom common in Sweden as elsewhere, threw after him an old slipper, with an expressed wish that he might have a pleasant and successful journey. But a sudden gust of wind rose at this moment, and the slipper, instead of striking the object at which it was aimed—as was considered necessary to insure the wish of the thrower—was whirled away in the darkness no one knew whither, and poor Paulina sunk down in a chair, and was foolish enough to cry sorely over what she held to be an evil omen.

The clatter of the hoofs of Karl's horse as it trotted over the frozen road was heard for several minutes in the dead silence that reigned, and Paulina, sad at heart as she was, listened attentively, until at length the sound died away, and all was still. Then she threw herself, half dressed, upon her bed, and wept herself to sleep.

* * * * *

It was a busy time at the house of Herr Lynde. Everybody belonging to the household was busily and pleasantly occupied in making preparations on an extensive scale for the anticipated wedding, and Paulina soon forgot her anxiety in the delightful occupation of selecting and preparing her wedding garments, in which pleasing task she was easily assisted by half a dozen of the fairest maidens of the little town, who were subsequently to assist in the ceremony as bridesmaids. Madame Vilhelmsen, the pastor's wife, who loved Karl as dearly as if he had been really her own son, was buried every day at the house, assisting Dame Fronde, the housekeeper, in the more difficult and delicate culinary preparations, and in attending to such things as were too material for the consideration of Paulina and her youthful companions at such a time as this; and thus, through these united labors, everything was satisfactorily arranged by the afternoon of the day on which Karl was expected to return.

It was thought that he would arrive in the course of the evening, and as soon as the short day began to close in, Paulina retired to her room to array herself in her most becoming garb. Her attendant handmaidens had bedecked the parlor and drawing-room with artificial flowers—the season forbidding the production of real ones—so exquisitely fashioned and colored that, but for the absence of perfume, it was difficult to distinguish them from green-house exotics, had these simple-minded girls known that such things had any existence.

Madame Vilhelmsen, assisted by the housekeeper, had prepared a supper that might have tempted an anchorite, and everything that loving hearts and willing hands could devise and execute had been done to prove to the absent one how eagerly they had looked for, and how gladly they welcomed his return.

But hour after hour passed away, and Karl did not come. The innocent amusements that had been planned for the evening were set aside, for all were too anxious, and as the hours passed away, had become too sad, to care for amusement. The mayor was kept waiting a full hour for his supper, greatly to his annoyance, for to be kept waiting for his meals was almost the only thing that could disturb the good man's equanimity of temper. And still Karl did not come. Paulina grew restless, and then pretended to grow angry to conceal her fears, and then pouted and wept, and dried her tears, and feigned to grow angry again, until at last she wept outright, and refused to be comforted; when Madame Vilhelmsen reminded her that Karl had forwarned them that he might possibly be delayed, and that she was sure it was no fault of his that kept him absent. He might yet, said Madame Vilhelmsen, arrive before bed-time; and if not, he would surely come on the morrow. She was sure that no harm could have befallen him. What harm, she asked, could have befallen him? He had been detained by business at Alsen, that was all, depend upon it; and he, no doubt, was more vexed than they. He had reason to be, poor fellow, out perhaps on the lone, cold road in such bitter weather. So they talked, and gradually reasoned themselves into forgetfulness of their fears; and the daintily cooked viands, now cold and half spoiled, were served up, for Herr Lynde declared that he would wait no longer for his supper for anybody. No, not for his most gracious Majesty, King Christian himself.

"A pack of silly girls and women," he said; "the boy hasn't got through his work, that's all. Trust him, he'll be home as soon as he can, or young men are very different from what they were forty years ago." And the old man cast an approving and loving glance at his child as he spoke.

So the half-cold supper was eaten, and the little party consoled themselves as best they could, in the absence of him for whose honor the feast had been prepared; and, after awhile, even Paulina became satisfied that Karl's absence was unavoidable, and that he would surely return on the morrow. She recovered her spirits, and thought how she would pout and scold, and pretend to be angry, and cold, and distant when he came; and how, after he had pleaded for pardon, she would forgive him, and love him more dearly than ever.

But the morrow came and passed away, and the next, which was the day before Christmas, and still Karl had not arrived, nor had anything been heard of or from him. This was the strangest thing, for though the postal arrangements in Dalecarlia were not the best in the world, and in winter-time travellers frequently arrived before the letters sent to announce their coming, still there had been ample time and opportunity for Karl, if he had found delay necessary on such an occasion as this, to have acquainted Paulina and his friends therewith, and thus to have allayed the anxiety which he must have known they would otherwise feel.

The matter was becoming serious. Even the mayor, who had professed to believe until now that there was no cause for alarm, was unable longer to conceal his doubts and fears. Christmas eve had come, and the guests who had been invited from a distance to attend the wedding on the following day were arriving fast, and the house was getting full. It would not do, thought Madame Vilhelmsen—upon whom at Herr Lynde's request developed the superintendence of the preparations—to stay the arrangements for the evening and the morrow. Karl might have been expecting to be able to leave Alsen day after day, and therefore had thought it unnecessary to write, and he might—nay, it was yet probable that he would—arrive in the course of the evening. They must proceed as if he was sure to come—they could not help themselves.

There was no electric telegraph, there were no railroads, in the days of which I write. People were not in such a hurry in those good old times (somewhat slow times they must have been) as they are now-a-days; and in the distant province of Dalecarlia, there was no means of communication between post-town and post-town, save through the regular post-cariole, which, at all times slow and irregular in its motions, was especially so in winter, when the snow frequently rendered the roads impassable for days together. But there had been no very heavy falls of snow as yet, so *that* could not have caused Karl's delay. That it must be something very serious that could have detained him, everybody was satisfied; but everybody had a different supposition to allege, and everybody thought everybody else was wide of the mark.

As the evening drew on poor Paulina fell into a pitiable state of mind. Vainly her father and her friends strove to impart comfort to her. She saw clearly enough that, in spite of their efforts to conceal their doubts and fears, they had little faith themselves in the consolations they proffered to her. And she remembered with a shudder how strangely she had dreaded Karl's journey, and how low-spirited she had been on the eve of his departure; and then how she had thrown the slipper after him while she bade him "Good-speed," and how the charm had failed.

Karl was ill, or the cariole had met with some mishap, and some serious accident had happened. These were the surmises which the greater portion of the party accepted in their own minds, though they refrained from expressing aloud their anxieties and doubts; for all yet held on to the hope that the delay had been unavoidable and unanticipated, and that the young man would appear among them before the evening closed, or if he even failed to do this, that he would arrive early on the morrow.

Long after midnight, when all the rest of the household had retired to rest—the invited guests grieved and dispirited, for they had been bidden to a feast, and had come to find a house of mourning—Madame Vilhelmsen, and Paulina and her bridesmaids sat up, listening to every sound that broke the solemn stillness of the night. The mournful "sough" of the wind among the leafless branches; the snapping of a twig, or the creaking of a board or plank in the keen frost; the sharp cracking of the ice on the surface of the ponds and pools; the rattle of a pebble stirred by the wind passing over the hard frozen soil; the distant bark of a dog, were each alternately regarded as indications of Karl's approach. And there were yet other sounds which occasionally filled them with more eager hope, only to make them feel more bitterly the disappointment that followed. More than once, ay, half a dozen times in the course of that weary night, did Paulina start from her seat and spring to the window, with excited looks, and bated breath, and uplifted finger, exclaiming—

"Hush! Hark! Listen, Madame Vilhelmsen. Listen, Carlina. Did not you hear the sound of horses' hoofs? Did not you hear the jingle of sleigh-bells? There—again. Do not you hear? Karl is *surely* coming."

The hollow "thud" of horses' hoofs (the sounds of which reverberate over the frozen earth in winter, before much snow has fallen, so distinctly that it may be heard long before horse or vehicle becomes visible) and the musical jingle of sleigh-bells were really frequently heard during the night. More than once the welcome sounds drew nearer and nearer, until the hearts of all the listeners beat high with excitement and expectation. The sharp crack of the driver's whip could even be distinguished, and the eager listeners flew to the door, and passed out into the open air, bare-headed and bare-armed, insensible in their anxiety to the piercing frost. But the approaching cariole passed by at the turn of the lane which led from the high road to the house, with its belated occupants, on their way to the town to meet other expectant friends, and spend with them the Christmas festival.

The disappointed listeners could distinguish the sounds of male and female voices, and hear the peals of joyous laughter which resounded through the clear frosty air, as the happy Christmas visitors passed on their way rejoicing, until gradually the sounds died away, and all was still again, and the calm pale moon and the bright twinkling stars looked down upon a silent world from which all signs of animal life seemed to have departed, when they returned more silent and sad, more disconsolate than before, to their weary watch.

Madame Vilhelmsen suffered almost as much as Paulina from anxiety and doubt, and that indefinable dread of forthcoming evil which is worse to bear than the reality of sorrow or suffering, for as I have said, she felt like a mother towards Karl; and perhaps even in a greater degree than Paulina she felt assured that it must be something of a very serious nature that could delay Karl's return on the eve of his wedding day; but she was better able to control her feelings, and she exerted herself to the utmost to calm the fears of the poor anxious girl.

Weary with watching, one after the other of the young girls fell asleep, and was persuaded by Madame Vilhelmsen to retire to her chamber; but Christmas morning was well advanced, though it was not yet daylight, ere the kind pastor's wife could persuade Paulina to follow the example of her companions, and try to get a few hours' sleep; and she only succeeded then by reminding the poor child, who was faint with fatigue and anxiety, how little fitted she would be to receive Karl when he arrived, as, she said, he surely would arrive, in time for the wedding.

"He has no doubt been delayed through stress of business he did not anticipate," she said, though her anxious face and quivering lips belied her words. "His silence assures me of this. He will come in time to go to church, and you must meet him fresh and cheerful, my child. It will be a bad omen if you stand with him at the altar pale and weary. Go, love, and try to sleep. Two hours will yet elapse before daybreak, and if Karl comes before then I will wake you."

"Will he then come, Madame Vilhelmsen? Do you think he really will come?" said Paulina.

"I hope—I trust he will," replied Madame.

"But, Madame Vilhelmsen," replied Paulina, "I feared when he left me that some evil would happen. I don't know why, but so I feared; and—and—the morning he set out I threw a slipper after him for good fortune, and the wind carried it away in an opposite direction. Ah, Madame! that surely was a bad omen." Sick at heart as she felt, Madame Vilhelmsen could not forbear smiling at Paulina's superstitious fancy.

"Are you so childish, silly girl, as to attach importance to such superstitious notions as that?" she said. "They are suited to the poor, ignorant peasants at the mines and farms. Girls such as you should know better than to dread evil from the fall of an old slipper."

"Do you think, then, there is nothing in these old superstitions, Madame?" said Paulina. "*I* did not until the slipper flew the wrong way when I threw it; but I had dreaded evil before that, and it made me very sad."

"Nothing in it, Paulina? Certainly not."

"And you really think that Karl will be waiting for me when I wake, Madame?" said the poor girl, smiling through her tears at the thought. "Then I *will* try to sleep awhile, for I am so sad and weary. Ah! I shall scold Karl when he comes for frightening me so; though it is not his fault, poor fellow, I dare say. Do you think it is, Madame Vilhelmsen?"

"No, my love, not his fault; certainly not his fault. He would not have delayed, could he have avoided so doing," replied Madame Vilhelmsen.

"And you will be *sure* to wake me the moment he arrives, Madame?"

"I will, my love; and now try to sleep," said Madame Vilhelmsen, as she accompanied the weary girl to her bed-room.

Paulina flung herself, half-undressed, upon the bed; and before the pastor's wife had quitted the room the poor child was asleep—the tears still clinging to her eyelashes. Madame Vilhelmsen bent down and kissed the pale cheek of the weary girl, and breathed an earnest prayer that her trembling hopes might yet be realized. She then returned to her lonely watch, and slowly hour after hour passed away and still found her wakeful and watching, until at length the cold gray dawn of the Christmas morning streamed through the shutters, and chased away the long lingering hours of darkness.

It was Karl Vilhelmsen's wedding day, and he had not yet returned from Alsen.

CHAPTER II.

Daylight is a sad laggard throughout the long, cold winters of Sweden. It was near ten o'clock A. M. when Madame Vilhelmsen, sick, pale, and weary with anxiety and watching, threw open the window-shutters, and admitted a dull gray stream of light, which, even at that hour, more resembled the glimmer of twilight than the bright, cheerful light of day; and a few short hours—five at the most—would bring on darkness again. It had been arranged that the wedding should take place at noon, after which the guests were to assemble and dine at the mayor's house, and, if all had gone on well, it would have mattered little to the merry party that darkness set in early, for the warm and cheerful fire and candlelight would have added zest and cosiness to the merriment. But though Madame Vilhelmsen had kept her weary watch alone, the inmates of Mayor Lynde's household—all except the tired girls—had been long astir on this dark Christmas morning, and for hours the church bells in the adjacent town had been chiming merrily, to welcome in the day; while the tramp of horses' hoofs, the jingling of sleigh-bells, the cracking of whips, the hearty shouts of men, and the ringing, musical laughter of women and children, heard at long intervals throughout the night, had intermingled in one continuous, joyous sound as daylight drew near, and the country folk from miles around came trooping over the roads, some singly, some in pairs, some in large and boisterous parties—on foot, on horseback, in every variety of sledge and winter vehicle—all hastening to make merry with their friends in Hanstadt on this cold Christmas day.

Herr Lynde had risen at six o'clock, soon after his poor weary child had lain down to try to forget her troubles for a few hours in sleep. The mayor was now seriously alarmed, and he had lain tossing to and fro on his bed throughout the long night, unable to sleep. Karl's unaccountable delay was a serious matter to him, independently of the terrible anxiety it caused his daughter, and the painful position in which it placed the poor girl. The young man had in his possession, when he left Hanstadt, several thousands of six-dollars in gold and notes.

"If," muttered the old gentleman to himself, "anything dreadful has befallen the poor youth! If he has been robbed and murdered!" He shuddered at the thought, and tried to assure himself that such a thing could not be. Still the idea would intrude itself upon him; for though such atrocious crimes had hitherto been almost unknown in Dalecarlia, they had been perpetrated, at long intervals. The large sum of money in Karl's possession would be a great temptation to any evil-disposed person, and the good man blamed himself severly for having allowed the youth to go on his journey alone.

If Karl had been robbed and murdered for the sake of the gold he carried with him, Herr Lynde felt that the pecuniary loss to himself would be a serious one, and in many respects, at that particular period, when his expenses had been unusually heavy, the loss would be very inconvenient; but, to do him justice, the idea of the possible loss of so large a sum of money was the lightest of his troubles. He thought a great deal more of his daughter's distress of mind, and of the unfortunate youth whom he had learned to love as his own son.

The worthy mayor was fully aware of the frequency of unforseen delays in the settlement of business matters, and up to Christmas eve he had persuaded himself that some unexpected pressure of business had detained his son-in-law elect, and had thought little of his delay. Even when he went to bed on the Christmas night he had hoped that Karl would arrive during the night; but he had begun to think the matter over, and as he lay in bed wakeful, and listening to every weird night sound, he had gradually become seriously alarmed; for even if Karl had been taken ill, he thought, surely he would have written, or got some one to write that it would be necessary to postpone the wedding.

Herr Lynde had not entered the room in which Madame Vilhelmsen sat keeping her lonely watch. He had dreaded to do so, for he knew how dearly the pastor's wife loved her adopted son, and he wished to avoid seeing her unless he had good news to carry to her; so he had wrapped himself in his fur cloak, and put on his fur leggings and winter cap, and had walked abroad, while it was yet dark, along the road that led to the village of Torrand, inquiring of every one he met coming from the direction of the mines, whether they had seen or heard anything of Karl Vilhelmsen, for the young man was personally known to almost every inhabitant of the district. But when daylight drew near he turned his footsteps homeward, for the hour appointed for the wedding was close at hand, and he felt that it was now necessary for active measures to be taken in the matter.

Soon after ten o'clock Pastor Vilhelmsen paid the mayor a visit. The good pastor came, according to custom, to offer the compliments of the season; but the real object of his visit to consult with Herr Lynde as to the propriety of proceeding with the arrangements at the church, for the wedding at noon. There was still a possibility that Karl might arrive at the last moment. Nay, more; the pastor thought that in the absence of any communication whatever from the young man this was yet probable. Should he arrive and find them unprepared, it would be very awkward for all parties concerned.

Then, again, if everything should be made

A Story of a Big Diamond.

"You think there are no exciting adventures to be gone through, now-a-days, do you?" said my friend Maxwell, the other night, when wound up into a story-telling humor, and the hour was that when wondrous tales are more congenial to the human mind than they are by day-light. "Well, you're wrong. There's a fellow at this moment in London who unearthed one of the biggest diamonds in the world, and that after a series of risks the remembrance of which is quite enough to last a lifetime."

"You're joking, Jim," I said, "or you're furbishing up one of your father's old tales. I emember what a wonderful talent he had in that way."

"No, you're wrong again; what I'm talking about only happened last year, and is a positive fact."

Without waiting for my assent, he at once settled down into his regular story-telling tone of voice, and after drawing a good light into his pipe, said,

"You know young Bogle?"

"Do you mean Bogle of Bogle and Swallow's, the jewelers?"

"Yes; young Bogle, not the old man. Well, he knew an old Jew who dealt in diamonds, and who, albeit a shabby-looking old fellow, had corre-pondence in all quarters where precious stones were to be had. He lived in a miserable way somewhere in one of the back streets in Shoreditch; and as far as the neighbors could say, had neither kith nor kin—his only attendant being a little orphan Jew boy called Ephraim. One day the lad came into Bogle and Swallow's and asked for young Bogle.

"He's wanted very bad to go and see old Jacob Ezra," he said to one of the young men in the shop; "please to tell him my message."

In a minute or two young Bogle came down into the shop, and asked what was the matter with old Ezra.

"He told me to run to you and ask you to come and see him, as he has something very important to tell you. It's diamond's, sir," he whispered, "but that's all I know; and the old man's very bad, and says he'll die, perhaps, before you reach him."

Young Bogle was a fine, dashing, handsome fellow, and had now and then heard of curious adventures connected with gems of great value; he was therefore quite ready to anticipate something out of the common way in this message from old Ezra, and, jumping into a cab with young Ephraim, was driven as fast as possible into the city. Young Ephraim led the way into a dirty old street, and up to the old Jew's room. He was lying on an oriental-looking bed, such as is used in India, called a charpoy, and was wrapped up in two or three old fur cloaks.

"Ha! you've come to see the old man; that's good. I thought you were amiable and kind ever since you helped me to keep that poor girl Miriam from the streets. She's dead now. She was of my tribe, and we Jews stick to one another; but we don't trust each other much in money-matters, we trust no one, and I wouldn't have made up my mind to tell you what I am going to, if the job could be done any other way.—Iphra," said he to the boy, who was squatted on an old Persian rug—"Iphra, my son, hand me the sherbet, and leave the room."

The moment the boy left, Jacob took young Bogle's hand, and his voice changed from the usual wheedling tone of his nation to one very different; his eyes flashed, his hand trembled, and he talked quickly and excitedly.

"I may not live through this illness. I have a letter from Constantinople from one of my people, who says that there is a diamond to be had, the like of which is only to be seen in one or two of the great courts of Europe. Diamonds are subject to a heavy tax in Turkey, and although it is not known to you unsuspecting Franks, there is a secret understanding that no remarkable gem leaves the country without having been sent to the Sultan and one or two of his head courtiers for inspection. The owner of this stone knows that if it were seen by the Sultan it would be at once appropriated, under the pretence of purchase, but really he would never be fully paid, and probably, if he importuned for his money, a wink to one of the eunuchs about the harem would get him poisoned or put out of the way secretly. He is a Pacha of a very old family, but he wants money badly, and will take £5,000 for the stone, if any one, a perfect stranger, will come and take it away, as he may appoint. You are English, and brave, and a stranger; will you buy this stone? I swear by Father Ibraheem that I will tell no other but you; and I will give you a letter to Benjamin Bagdadee, a tobacco-dealer in Constantinople, who will tell you more when you meet."

Bogle's heart beat faster as he saw his way to a regular out-and-out adventure; and, thanking the old man warmly, said he would be off next day if he liked.

"But what will you get out of it, Ezra?" he said.

"Oh, my friend has settled all that with the Pacha; and should I not recover from this illness, what would be the use of money to me? If you come back safe, you can remember me. No; we Jews love or hate, quickly, strongly. I like you—go; it will make your fortune. But be secret, or your life will be the forfeit; there are men in Constantinople about the court who would poison or stab you as soon as they would a cat. Here is the letter to Benjamin. And one thing more: beware of the dragomans—they are all rascals and spies."

Young Bogle thanked the old man; offered to send in a doctor of his own persuasion, which he permitted; and then hastened back to tell his seniors something of what he had heard. Determined not to tell all, for fear they might think the risk too great, he braced his nerves up to carry through the transaction.

In due time he found himself in Constantinople; went to the best hotel, gave himself out as an agent for the purchase of wheat *en route* to Odessa, and began to make inquiries for any freight that might be available in the port. After a day or two he asked his dragoman if he knew the Jews' quarter.

"Oh, yes," the man replied; "but there is not much to interest you there."

"Oh, I daresay not; but I'm English, you know, and must see everything. Take me there this evening."

"Very good, your excellency. To-night, at 8 P. M., we can go."

Bogle only wished to gain, on his first visit, a general knowledge of the place; and at the time appointed strolled through the quarter, taking mental notes as he went along, and then, as unconcernedly as he could, asked a few questions as to where the Jew tobacco-merchants lived; was shown the place, and so back to his hotel.

The dragoman was that incarnation of everything subtle, a Levantine; but whether Greek or Mahometan, the devil himself could not have told. He passed as a Greek, with a Greek name a foot long, and had recommendations by the score; still for all that he did not gain Bogle's confidence; and so far he had fished out nothing from his master.

Bogle, of course, had invested in a Turkish dress the first time he went to the bazaar; but he had also brought out a perfectly natural red beard and wig from England, disguised in which his own mother would not have known him.

Got-up in these, and with a cloak on, he slipped out of his room next evening, and glided quickly way to the Jews' quarter.

Seeing a respectable-looking old man in his shop, he saluted him, and asked if he understood French or English.

"Not very much," he answered—"enough to sell you some very good tobacco."

"Thank you; I'll have some. Give me a skin of Latakia. By-the-bye," he said, "this is all a Jews' quarter, is it not?"

"Yes."

"You know most of the merchants, I daresay?"

"Yes, most of them."

"Do you know Benjamin Bagdadee?"

"Right well; we are related by marriage. That is his house, inside that court;" pointing across the street.

Bogle thanked him, and walked over to the place indicated. The first person he saw was an old woman, who was sweeping the steps and doorway. He asked in French, "Is Benjamin Bagdadee at home?"

It was evident she only understood part of what he said; but she replied in Hebrew, and pointed to the door to the left, just inside the main entrance.

Bogle knocked. A voice said something which he interpreted into "Come in."

He entered; and bowing to an old man seated on some cushions, said in English, "Do I salute Benjamin Bagdadee?"

"Yes," he said gravely; "but why?"

Bogle quickly took his letter from his breast-pocket, and showed it.

"Ah, you are from Jacob Ezra. Sit down, sit down. But no, not here. Come," he said—"come with me."

He left the room, went up some stairs, along a passage, opened a heavy narrow door, up some more steps, and then entered a small room in a turret of the house. He sat down with Bogle on the carpet, and carefully read the letter.

"Has Ezra explained the risk of your mission?" said he, after a pause.

"Yes, some of it."

"You English are brave, but not cunning."

Here Bogle quietly took off his fez, wig, and beard.

"Ha, that is well! Beelzebub would not know you. Good," he said again, and laughed gently behind his bushy beard and moustache. "Who is your dragoman?" he asked.

"Nicholas Palmologos."

"I know him: he is a spy. Take care of him."

"I thought he was no good," said Bogle; "but I suppose they are all pretty nearly birds of a feather?"

"Yes, they are; but forewarned is forearmed. Now about this letter," holding up Ezra's.

"My friend Ezra says you can afford to pay the money for this wonderful stone; and I daresay you can easily give a check for the sum. But the fact is, the amount must be paid in gold, and in no other way.

"I can arrange this for you," he continued, "through my people; and as I have Ezra's guarantee, will take your check on Paris, or Vienna, or London, as it may suit you best. The Pacha has agreed to pay me a commission on the sale; so that is settled, and you have nothing to thank me for. The great thing is the risk in your getting the stone out of the country; for if you were known to have it about you, you would run a good chance of being murdered, leaving alone the probability of the government either confiscating it, or fining you to some outrageous extent. However, you must trust to your good fortune; and now I will tell you about this gem. The Pacha is of a very old Turcoman family, who have intermarried in olden times with one of the Mogul princes of India; and it is through them this stone came into his possession. Tradition says that it is the smaller half of the Koh-i-noor, which was broken in two when it was first found in Golconda. There is a short inscription in Persian on it; but what the words are I know not. It is as long and thick as the first joint of your thumb, is quite uncut, and is jagged at one end, where there seems to be a flaw. This you must look to. If it is only a refraction of light from a rough point, it does not matter; but you are doubtless an expert, and must judge for yourself. If you will come back in two days, I will arrange for you to see the stone, and will also quietly see how much gold I can collect among my brethren."

Bogle thanked the old man, took his leave, and at the end of the two days was punctual to his appointment.

Benjamin received him kindly, and said, "All goes well. I have arranged for you to see the stone thus: You will be taken by a kuwass of the Pacha's, whom you will meet in the suburbs, on horseback into the country. At night, you will return to the Pacha's palace in the outskirts of the town; and if you approve of the stone, you will have to remain there till the bargain is concluded, as the Pacha swears he will have no going backwards or forwards to your hotel, for fear of your visits being found out. If you approve, I will bring the money to you."

This was settled, and on the eventful evening Bogle met the Pacha's servant, who had a led horse with him, rode out half a dozen miles, and then back again. He was then ushered into a court-yard, thence into long stone verandah, up a flight of stairs, through a doorway closed by heavy curtains, into a room handsomely carpeted and cushioned, and told to sit down.

In about half an hour, during which the silence and mysteriousness of the affair began to tell on Bogle's pulsation, one of the eunuchs—a negro of course—came in and beckoned him to follow. Another curtained room or two brought them into a small one meanly furnished, in which sat, on a few cushions in one corner, an old woman. The eunuch salaamed and left.

"You speak French?" the woman said.

"Yes," said Bogle; "not very well."

"I am the Pacha's wife's attendant," she said; "and as I speak French I am deputed to how you something."

Out of a muslin rag she shook out the diamond. *It was a monster!* There were two or three good lamps in the room, and Bogle, after a long and careful examination, and trial in his scales, found it was perhaps the fifth largest known diamond in the world, and of undoubted good water, although it was in quite a rough state.

There were some chances, of course, of it not proving eventually—that is, after being cut—of the first water; but Bogle knew, from what Benjamin had said, that he would get in cheap, and that the great risk was not so much as to its quality; but in getting it out of the country without its being confiscated.

"What will you give?" the slave-girl asked.

"How much do you want?" said Bogle.

"This stone is one of the wonders of the world," said the girl. "It came from India, and has been in my master's family for a dozen generations. Although of fabulous worth, we will take £20,000 for it."

Bogle had been prepared for haggling, but this was a staggerer, and after a great deal of talk he offered £5000, which the girl said she would report in the proper quarter.

"In the mean time," she said, "you will sleep here, and in the morning matters can be concluded."

Bogle was taken by the eunuch who had shown him into the palace, to a room fitted up in the Frank fashion, and there he passed a troubled night.

In the morning, his terms were accepted, and a message being sent to his Jew friend, he duly came with the money, and it was counted over. Now came the difficulty of dealing with the diamond. It was not safe to carry it about one's person, nor safe in the hotel; in fact, safe nowhere. At last Benjamin advised Bogle to make up two packets exactly alike; one containing the diamond, another containing nothing; the former to be sent by post to Bogle's friends in Paris, the latter to be boldly carried by him to the hotel, and deposited there for safety with the landlord.

Bogle accordingly made up the two parcels, and under the pretence of not knowing the way, requested that one of the Pacha's armed servants might show him to the British Consulate, where he might intrust some one to post the precious packet, as a common commercial letter. This he managed all safely, and with the false packet in his breast walked back to his hotel. His absence for the whole night had of course been duly noted, and his dragoman made most affectionate inquiries as to his health, hoping he had not got into any mischief.

"Oh, no, Nicholas," said Bogle; "I met a friend who took me home to supper, and would not let me go through the streets at night, so I remained with him. I think I shall start for Odessa by the first steamer, and shall be obliged by your going and inquiring when she starts."

Of course Bogle intended to forfeit the passage-money to Odessa, and to take another passage by the first steamer to Trieste, which he knew left in a day or so. He went that morning and secured his berth, and resolved to stay in his hotel during the remainder of his sojourn in Constantinople, and not expose himself in any way. He never could make out how his purchase had oozed out, but that night he heard a rustling in his room, and had just time to fire one barrel of his revolver at some one who had evidently been prowling about with evil intent. He had left the false packet in the breast-pocket of his coat, and in the morning he found it was gone. It was evident that his secret was known, and he trembled for the letter which had been sent by post. He had just taken his breakfast, when the landlord of the hotel came to him in the most excited manner, and informed him that a Turkish official was waiting at the door. Bogle went down to him, and was at once arrested on the charge of dealing in gems without paying the government tax. Of course no diamonds were found on him, or in his boxes, and after bribing every one all round, so that no farther inquiries might be made, he was allowed to depart.

"Well, said Maxwell, "that diamond reached Paris safely, and Bogle, going home through that city, had the satisfaction of taking it with him to London, and placed it one fine morning before his astonished partner's eyes. It is now for sale for £40,000, in one of the Presidency towns in India, and will probably be bought by some native rajah, to be hidden away in a secret place, perhaps to see the light and run another course of adventure a century hence."

The Foreign Elements.

The reporter of the *Philadelphia Press* says, and we see the same fact noted in New York, that although the French are said to be the most excitable people under the sun, the Germans are much more excited over the war on the Continent than their French brothers. It is even dangerous to hint to one of them that Prussia may be worsted in the struggle, for immediately his arms will saw the air, the words will pour out in a white heat, and the offender stands in danger of immediate annihilation. The French, surprising as it may seem, speak on the subject with great moderation. They side with Napoleon to a unis, and are deeply moved at the thought of war in behalf of "La Belle France," but they seem to be perfectly calm while discussing the subject—and although speaking with all the warmth which so dear a cause demands, scarcely ever come to an altercation on the subject. Astonishing as it may seem, the fact is as stated, and we leave the problem with our readers for their solution.

CONFIRMED.—Later and authentic advices from Tientsin by telegraph, through Siberia, confirm the previous report of the massacre of foreigners in China. The outrages were committed on the 10th of June. The natives set fire to and destroyed the French establishments, but left those of the Germans untouched. The Representatives of the Foreign Powers at Pekin had addressed a joint note to the Chinese Government demanding the punishment of the rioters, and indemnity for the loses sustained.

☞ KID GLOVES.—The kid glove is about to cease from its mission as the emblem of aristocracy, on account of defection in prices. Very excellent kids are now sold in Paris at thirty cents a pair, and on Broadway they are marked as low as fifty cents. The market is absolutely overstocked, and even the present prices cannot long be maintained in the trade.

☞ A FATHER'S PRECAUTION.—An eminent divine of the Church of England, fearing that his son, who was afterward in orders, might not compose a sermon every week if he inherited his father's discourses, destroyed almost his whole stock, committing two hundred and fifty sermons to the flames at one time.

☞ The lady whose blood curdled in her veins, has ever since been very sour in her disposition.

An English Picture of New York.

An English writer in Belgravia says that the houses to which a foreigner is admitted who presents his credentials in New York offer much to attract and to elicit admiration. As the people themselves are descended from every nationality, and continually renew their drafts upon all the European peoples, and their intimacy with the indulgences of European capitals, so their homes are replete with the suggestions of cosmopolitan intelligence, luxury, and refinement. The greater part of modern New York houses are substantially built of brown stone, on a peculiarly convenient plan. They are furnished with a lightness and elegance which recall only Parisian salons. The walls and ceilings are habitually frescoed by Italian decorators in a style unknown in England, but of entirely Italian taste. Carpeted and curtained to suit English ideas of comfort; with furniture and hangings of French beauty and taste, and largely executed by French artists; frescoed in delicate arabesque; wainscoted for the most part in walnut-wood or mahogany, in lieu of painted or grained deal; with abundant baths and high-pressure water supply on each floor; with doors which usually slide into the walls, so as to allow the suites of rooms to be thrown together; the passages and staircases heated in winter by hot air, while the apartments have open fire-grates—the ordinary good-class houses of New York combine all the best attributes of comfort of the houses of the various capitals of the world. This remarkable people have absorbed the best parts of all they have seen and heard.

The ordinary life of New York families is modeled on that of England: the separate house, the family habits, the love of domesticity and of comfort. But this is modified by the infusion of Continental gayety and facilities for outdoor amusements. The love of dancing is universal. A favorite institution is that of "sociables:" dancing clubs of young people, who in coteries of twenty or forty, belonging to a vicinity, meet at each other's family houses during the season, every fortnight, for a dance. The habit of evening visiting, surprise parties, or meetings at the house of a friend for the sake of a dance by sudden concert and without any previous intimation, are among the means by which this gay social intercourse is maintained.

These sociables afford usually exemplification of the passionate love of flowers, and the costly indulgence of that passion, which New Yorkers have borrowed from the French, and in which they surpass their original. A gigantic bouquet of flowers, costing from $15 to $25, is usually sent to the young lady of the house where the "sociable" meets. These bouquets are of remarkable size and beauty. Flowers indeed enter very largely into all the solemnities, *fetes*, and events of New York life. The gentleman who wishes to testify his devotion to a young lady does so by daily offerings of magnificent flowers. Statesmen, orators, opera-dancers, divines, are alike accustomed to receive these floral tributes. The bride is married beneath a magnificent floral bell; the coffin is decorated with exquisite crosses, crowns, and wreaths of flowers, of which some are interred in the grave, and others preserved beneath glass as mementoes. The Rev. Mr. Ward Beecher preaches with a floral basket by his side. Mr. George Francis Train has equally floral tributes, which he waves in the course of his denunciation of British influence and the old fogies of the Bible. On the occasion of a benefit night to a favorite actress, lately, a basket of choice flowers was brought on to the stage as an offering from her admirers, which had to be carried by four men. There are gentlemen whose social reputation is built on flowers. One especially exhausts his ingenuity and lavishes his finances on floral devices of the most lavish beauty and varied novelty on all suitable occasions of happy omen to his fair friends.

Peculiarities of climate are pressed into the service of gay society. During the summer the heat of the weather brings the inmates even of the most fashionable houses out on to the "stoop," or high door-steps leading up to each house. Thus are extemporised universal outdoor meetings, friendly greetings, and an outdoor neighborly intercourse peculiar to hot climates. The "door-stoop" takes the place of the house-top in the East. A stranger passing along the fashionable side streets of New York on a warm summer's evening is surprised at the spectacle of groups of lightly and elegantly dressed ladies standing and sitting about on the door-steps, with heads uncovered, attended by gentlemen smoking, laughing, talking, and exchanging greetings across the road and on either side. This would be very bad manners in London or anywhere but in New York or in the East. Here it is a graceful and agreeable concession to the heat of the climate during some part of the year.

IS ANY change operated on a man by a change in the velocity of his motion round the axis of the earth? Suppose, for instance, a dweller in latitude 60 degrees were to suddenly change his residence to the Equator, he would double his velocity. For while at latitude 60 degrees, he travels round with the earth at the rate of 500 miles an hour, at the Equator he does 1,000 miles an hour. Again, at latitude 75 degrees, the Greenlander is lazily carried round a paltry 130 miles an hour, while the man at the North Pole calmly revolves about himself once in 24 hours. Of course the motion is unfelt, because all things move together, but the change from a tropical to an Arctic climate is so great that it may possibly produce physical or mental effects of which we are as yet unconscious. Of course the steering of a ship from north to south must be sensibly affected by the constant acceleration from west to east. On the long railways of Russia, too, I believe it is found that the rails are uniformly more worn on the one side than on the other, in consequence of this force.

☞ DISPUTED TERRITORY.—There is a disputed line between Machias and Jonesboro', Me., and what is unusual about it is, that each town refuses to owe the disputed territory—the trouble being that a pauper family lives on it!

☞ A long staircase (stare case)—A telescope.

☞ The latest egg story comes from Clinton, Iowa, where a local paper relates how a lady dropped an egg into a flour barrel a few weeks ago, forgetting the incident altogether, until a few days ago, when she was surprised by the peeping of a chicken, which had hatched from that identical egg. The hot weather had done the business, and the chicken is alive and doing well.

What Do Your Children Read?

We commend to parents the following from *The Workingman*:—"A bad book, magazine, or newspaper, is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals, and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind, and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful body.

"Many of these papers have attained large circulations, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The danger to young persons from this cause was never so great as at this time; and every father and mother should be on guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child.

"Our mental companions—the thoughts and feelings that dwell with us when alone, and influence our actions—these are what lift us up or drag us down. If your child has pure and good mental companions, he is safe; but if, through corrupt books and papers, evil thoughts and impure imaginings get into his mind, his danger is imminent.

"Look to it, then, that your children are kept as free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure, and watch carefully lest any such get into the hands of your growing-up boys."

Steel and Iron Rails.

The chief engineer of the Alleghany Valley Railroad, Mr. H. Blackstone, in the course of a late report, says in regard to the durability of iron rails, that he has never seen a perfectly homogenous rail worn out, and that the many civil engineers with whom he has conversed on the subject, make the same statement. Mr. Blackstone says further: "In speaking these things to a prominent iron manufacturer of this city, he kindly proposed to furnish to this company a couple of iron rails made from his common merchant bar. These were received and laid on the track in March, 1868, and on the opposite side of the track were laid steel-headed rails, manufactured in Michigan. Both were laid at a point where it was supposed they would receive the roughest service. In less than six months some of the steel rails were given out, and shortly after they were lifted and Brady's Bend rails supplied. These were worn out and others were supplied and worn out, while the two rails furnished by the party above referred to remain in the track, apparently little the worse of the service."

☞ Thomas K. Jenkins, of Halifax, who was prosecuted for libel in asserting that the lost Inman steamship City of Boston was unseaworthy and overloaded, is raising a fund to carry on the trial, and professes entire confidence in his ability to prove the charges.

☞ A bachelor says that all he should ask for in a wife would be a good temper, health, understanding, agreeable physiognomy, figure, good connection, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners, and money.

☞ GENEVA.—At Geneva, where Calvin lived and did his severe preaching, stores now are open, business is going on, and pleasure is unconfined on Sunday afternoon.

☞ Chang, one of the Siamese twins, is pining for North Carolina, but Eng will not leave Europe, and Chang does not feel as if he could come home without him.

☞ The West Point cadets say, that when a lady wears a long dress to one of their hops they love to look at her: when she wears a short one they love to dance with her.

☞ The "Portaisel" bullet, recently invented by a workman of that name, it is said, will be used by the French armies in the war with Prussia. The bullet externally resembling the Minie ball is a cylinder of lead with a conical head. On unscrewing the ball about midway there is discovered a cavity which is filled with dynamite powder, having an explosive force six times as great as ordinary gunpowder.

☞ A gentleman living in Boston Highlands, by suspending a small silver bell to the neck of his cat, prevents, by the sound, that household pet from destroying the birds in his garden.

☞ If any young lady of New York was excessively married abroad, it was Miss Bradhurst, who has just wedded, in Berlin, Gerald Francis Talbot, an English gentleman, lieutenant in the Prussian Guards. First, the civil contract was formally read by the British Embassador, Lord A. Loftus; next, in the ball-room of the Embassy, before a brilliant company, the marriage service of the Church of England was performed by the bridegroom's father, the Hon. and Rev. W. C. Talbot, of England; and thirdly, the twice-married pair had to appear in the parish church and be married according to the Prussian law, else the matter wouldn't "stick" in that country. Finally, they were married.

☞ Bachelors have a new dignity in Georgia. The Supreme Court of that state has decided that a bachelor is a "family," and being so, he is of course the "head of the family," and as such entitled to the privileges of the Homestead Act.

☞ A London letter, describing Minister Motley's Fourth of July party, says: "The singular beauty of some of the American ladies was more talked about by the English guests than the Declaration of Independence."

☞ A scientific writer says that most of the strong-smelling vegetable essences, such as mint, cloves, lavender, lemon, and cherry laurel, develop a very large quantity of ozone when in contact with atmospheric oxygen in light. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and generally the amount of ozone seem to be in proportion to the strength of the perfume emanated. It is, therefore, recommended that in marshy districts, and in places infested with noxious exhalations, strong-smelling flowers should be planted around the houses in order that the ozone emitted from them may exert its powerful oxidizing influence. So pleasant a plan for making a malarious district salubrious only requires to be known to be put in practice.

☞ An editor says:—"A man who is owing us a little bill said he would call last week and pay us, if he was alive. He still appears on the street, but, as he did not call, it is naturally supposed he is dead, and is walking around to save funeral expenses."

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In Christian world, the garland Mary wears;
Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear;
And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears.
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!
What air of fragrance Rosamond throws around!
How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound!
Of Marthas and Abigails, few lines
Have dragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely Joan be fashioned. But can
You Barbara resist or Marian?
And is not Clare for love excuse enough?
Yet, by my faith in numbers I profess
Those all than Saxon Edith please me less.

COUNSEL FOR THE BOYS.—1. Never go into the water less than two hours after eating—it is best to make it three.

2. Never go into the water when feeling much exhausted. It will do no harm to go in when you are somewhat warm and perspiring, if you are not tired.

3. Never go into the water when you feel cold and chilly.

4. Never stay in long enough to make you feel chilly.

5. Swim and exercise vigorously while in the water.

6. Wipe dry before dressing. If the sun shines, expose the body to its rays a short time before dressing.

7. As a rule, do not go in more than once a day.

☞ Three gentlemen, a Frenchman, Englishman, and Yankee, were in conversation on the New Jersey Railroad cars. The Frenchman said: "I am always spoken to for his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon I." The Englishman said: "When I go out they speak to me for Prince Albert." But the Yankee said: "The first man I met came to me and said, great God, is that you?"

☞ "Mamma," said a wee child, one Sunday evening, after having sat still in the house all day, like a good child, "have I honored you to-day?" "I don't know," replied the mother; "why do you ask?" "Because," said the little one, shaking her head sadly, "the Bible says 'Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long,' and this has been, oh, the longest day I ever saw."

☞ The trials of the Fenians, General Starr and Colonel Thompson, for violation of the neutrality laws, at Canandaigua, concluded last week, with a verdict of guilty in both cases, with a recommendation to mercy.

☞ A scene in a picture gallery shows "a model model," in a man, who serves as a model for an artist, and in the artist's absence explains the picture to a lady visitor: "From whom did M'Gilp paint that head?" "From yours obediently, Madam. I sit for the 'eds of all 'is 'oly men." "He must find you a very useful person." "Yes, Madam, I order his frames, stretch his canvasses, wash his brushes, set his palette, and fix his colors. All *he's* got to do is just to *shove 'em on.*"

☞ The story of the Chinese massacre of the Christians in Pekin, was a hoax.

☞ The Mormons of Utah have turned their attention to the production of gloves that rival those of Paris in delicacy and workmanship. The gloves are made from genuine kid, raised in the vicinity of Salt Lake.

☞ John Bunyan was rather gay in his youth, and even in his latter years he was charged with infidelity to his wife. He repelled the charges in a way worthy of note. At that time it was customary for the members of churches when they parted to greet each other with a holy kiss. When John defended himself, he said, "I do confess that I have carried out the command fairly and Scripturally; for I have endeavored to discharge my duty of kissing all, pretty and ugly; while I have noticed that my brothers, who have made this charge, have kissed the pretty sisters, and let the ugly ones pass by."

☞ While England and America are contesting that sons of theirs respectively discovered the practice of anæsthesia for surgical operations, we find that it was adopted many hundred years ago. We are assured that a Chinese physician, named Hoa-tho, who lived between the 220th and 230th year of our era, gave to his patients a preparation of hemp by which they became insensible. The Greeks and Romans also practised it; the medicine was "atropa mandragora," commonly called mandrake.

☞ They have peculiar ideas in London about hot weather. The Pall Mall Gazette, of June 22, records this item:—"The heat this morning in London was several degrees in excess of any which has been hitherto recorded this summer. At 8 o'clock the thermometer stood at 72 degrees, which is only three degrees lower than the highest temperature registered at the same hour during the intensely hot summer of 1868."

☞ A Berlin correspondent says that "if you were to hear the Prussians talk you would think them all Americans in their progression and valor, and like our own countrymen they believe themselves invincible." Ditto French.

☞ A servant who plumed herself on being employed in a "genteel family," was asked a definition of the term. "Where they have two or three kinds of wine, and the gentlemen swear," was the reply. This is almost as good as the old definition—"they keep a gig."

☞ An hysterical individual, who has heard a good deal about the "theatre of war," suggests that the back seats must be very desirable.

The Cost of Birds.

The Turf, Field and Farm has the following with reference to the profits made on imported birds:—"Song birds are not highly valued in the custom house. The Poultry Bulletin publishes an incomplete list of the importations made last year: 'Canaries, 27,780, valued, males at 50 cents, females at 5 cents; 2,900 finches, valued at 10 cents each; 1,500 sparrows at 10 cents each; 1,780 wild birds at 10 cents each; 68 common thrushes at 50 cents each; 70 black plume thrushes at $2 each; 17 pheasants at $6 per pair; 149 parrots at $4 each; 5 cockatoos at $3 each; 58 larks at 25 cents each; 2 nightingales at $1 each, 38 fowls, various breeds, at $2 to $8 each; 2 ponies at $10 each; 2 antelopes at $7 each; 1 gazelle at $15.' The dealers evidently make a good profit on canaries, finches and sparrows. Selling a bird at from three to five dollars that is valued in the custom house at from five to fifty cents, is not a bad stroke of business. But few fowls are reported in the above list; but then the list does not pretend to be complete."

The Dickens Sale.

It seems very strange that the family of an eminent man who, dying, left a large fortune to his heirs, should consent to the dispersion at public sale of the articles especially associated with his memory. Yet this is the case in the family of Charles Dickens. Scarcely is the body of the great novelist cold in the vault in Westminster Abbey, when a sale of his pictures and other works of art is announced to take place at the rooms of a leading London auctioneer. Many of the articles to be sold are presents to the deceased, or portraits of himself, or illustrations of his works, painted by the best artists. For instance, there is the celebrated portrait by Maclise, representing Mr. Dickens as he appeared in the flush of early manhood in the year 1839. In the list of miscellaneous paintings there are works by Webster, Frith, Clarkson, Stanfield, Wilkie, and other artists of celebrity. Among the articles of *vertu* are bronzes, porcelains, and other elegant trifles. All these are to be sold on Saturday of this week, and will, undoubtedly, bring high prices; but it is difficult to understand how any sum of money can induce the Dickens family to part with treasures that to them should, one would think, be of inestimable value.

It will be remembered that Mr. Thackeray's books, pictures and other personal effects were sold off after his death in the same hasty manner.

Note.—Perhaps the wills of these gentlemen so ordered.—*Ed. Post.*

☞ A down-East paper says that persuasive and humbugging agents are about in that neighborhood selling lightning-rods. One old lady told an agent she had no fear of lightning, but she had always been afraid of thunder.

"Just so," he replied; "we can meet your case exactly. The square rods are lightning rods, and the round ones thunder-rods."

☞ A bright little four-year-old boy in Detroit, being called to go to bed at an earlier hour than suited his inclination, put the following power to his mother—

"Is the moon the little stars' mamma?"

"Yes, my child," was the answer.

"Well, mamma, then why does she let them stay up all night? Don't you think *she* knows what's right?"

☞ A TRAVELLING INSURANCE AGENT has been explaining to a western pioneer the advantages of an insurance policy. Pathfinder mused a moment in grave silence, and then said: "See here, mister, I have lived out in this country now twenty-five years, and I have bucked again 'most all the games they've started, but darn me if I want to play a game where you have to die to beat the bank."

☞ Ohio comes up and puts in its claim for the champion remarkable memory. It claims that a man in Salem, in that State, can tell from memory the weather of any and every day since 1827—that he distinctly remembers whether any day was clear or cloudy, warm or cold, rainy or snowy.

☞ An Ohio youth, sitting in church, mistook the gentle touch of a plume on the jaunty hat of a young lady for a fly on his neck, and with the energy of exasperation sent plume, hat, and chignon flying into a distant pew.

☞ Mr. Bessemer's plan for obviating sea-sickness by means of an oscillating chamber, supported on bearings similar to those of a compass, will shortly be put to a practical test. A chamber of this description is now in course of construction in England, and will be fitted, when completed, to a steamer of about 300 tons.

☞ The Emperor Napoleon wears but one ring, containing a valuable amethyst, which General de Beauharnois, after being imprisoned during the Reign of Terror, sent to his wife Josephine. Queen Hortense wore this ring after Josephine's death, and Louis Napoleon has had it on his hand ever since his mother's death.

☞ An erring Indiana hen was recently found in the back part of a hardware store, where the misguided fowl had struggled for three weeks, trying to hatch out half a dozen white porcelain door-knobs. She was very much reduced.

☞ The following are the official footings from sixty counties of Illinois, including Cook, for and against the constitution, and the eight distinct propositions submitted each to a separate vote of the people:

	For.	Against.	Maj.
Constitution,	91,375	27,971	70,904
Railroads,	100,980	15 340	85,640
Counties,	95,080	19,546	76 582
Warehouses,	101,085	14,728	86 303
County seats,	80,174	24 435	62 619
Illinois Central Railroad,	101,944	12,017	89,927
Minority representation,	70,025	45,694	25,841
Subscription to railroads,	99,226	23,832	70,144
Canals,	91,845	17,185	76,660

☞ When George Stephenson invented the locomotive, it was urged that horses would be worthless and farms a drug; when steam was applied to weaving, the weavers anticipated starvation; when threshing-machines and sewing-machines came in, labor was popularly supposed to have received fatal wounds. In every instance the reverse has been true. And there is such a field for labor here, that were all China poured into our great wastes, labor would be taxed to meet new demands, and aided by fresh contributions from the instant.—*Phila. North American.*

☞ Rusticus, in commenting on the present style of female coiffure, says: "It must be a very poor soil that requires so much top-dressing."

☞ Arthur Helps says: "Perhaps the great triumph of all moral writings, including sermons, is that at least they have produced some sweet and innocent sleep." Nodding church-goers will appreciate this truism.

☞ There is not a Protestant place of worship in Cuba.

☞ An Iowa paper tells of a smart wife that helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat. The way she helped him was, to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest!

☞ A new mercantile pursuit for the oppressed female sex has been opened by a Lady in California, who procured a divorce, had the children assigned to her by the court, and then transferred them to their father for $575 apiece. The plan is recommended as not only securing an honorable independence for married women, but offering an argument hitherto lacking in favor of large families.

☞ Toys for animals are now advocated by an English naturalist. He had an otter for whom he made a wooden ball, to the extreme delight of his pet. Following up the idea, he presented the national elephants and rhinoceroses at the London Zoological Gardens with globes, but it seems the elephants took to playing ball so furiously that "there was danger of their houses being swept down altogether; so they were forbidden to use them indoors."

☞ The drought in France continues and the reports of its ending are totally false. No rain fell prior to July 4th, full ten weeks, and since then they have seen only a few slight showers, which were not sufficient to revive the drooping crops.

☞ To relieve the terrible effects of running a nail in the foot of man or horse, take peach leaves, bruise them, apply to the wound, confine with bandage, and the cure is quick and certain. Renew the application twice a day, if necessary; but one application usually does the work. I have cured both man and beast in a few hours, when they were apparently on the point of having the lockjaw. This recipe, remembered and practised, will save many valuable lives.—*Cor. Southern Cultivator.*

☞ Charles G. Leland is in London preparing another series of the Hans Breitmann Ballads. Hans, in the new volume, describes his visit to Paris, and gives his views of the Bal Mabille and the Sorbonne. One of the ballads in this collection is said to be a singular burlesque on Heine's style of lyrics, while others give with droll effect imitations of German and Low Dutch, or Flemish.—*Volkeleider.*

☞ An analysis shows that cotton seed is highly concentrated food, and is richer in flesh producing elements than corn, but somewhat inferior to corn as a fat-producer.

☞ The Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel learns that a planter near Midway, in South Carolina, seventy miles from Augusta, has cultivated his entire farm this year, so far as least as ploughing is concerned, with an alligator! The animal is unusually large—weighs three hundred and fifty pounds—and is perfectly docile and domesticated. He is said to work splendidly in plough harness, and is far superior to mules or horses.

☞ King David is the first person spoken of in the Bible as having written a letter. It occurs in the 11th chapter of the 2d Book of Samuel: "And it came to pass in the morning, that David wrote a letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah. And he wrote in the letter, saying, Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten, and die." Considering that David has a wide modern reputation, and wrote good poetry, his "going back" on Uriah in this way was not the correct thing. But there is the record. Where's Mrs. Stowe?

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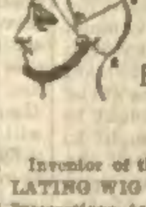

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Mr. Easy Uneasy.

Mr. Easy keeps a hotel in the suburbs of Boston, taking both transient and permanent boarders, as they may offer. Some years since he had a young married couple among his guests, who kept up an appearance of ample means, and seemed to have everything they wanted, though they had prolonged their stay for several weeks, and the landlord had not called upon them for any money.

At last some little circumstances occured which made Easy a trifle uneasy as to the solvency of his debtors, and he said to his wife, in confidence—"What do you think about Mr. and Mrs. Sharp? They are running up a pretty large bill. I suppose he is good for it, though."

"O, I guess there's no danger," replied Mrs. Easy. "They are all right. I asked him for money yesterday, and he paid me thirty dollars on account."

"Paid you thirty dollars?"

"Yes."

A sudden light dawned upon Mr. Easy.

"I know where he got it," he exclaimed, "*He borrowed thirty dollars of me yesterday morning.*"

And so he had borrowed the money of Mr. Easy to pay his board to Mrs. Easy. Mine host got rid of what threatened to be a brace of permanent boarders; but he never got his thirty dollars, nor his wife the balance of the debt. Sharp owned up only to the balance, insisting that the thirty dollars was paid—which it was out of one pocket into the other.

Sally's Mistake.

"Sally, don't I like you?"

"La! Jim, I reckon so."

"But don't you know it Sally? Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of any honest tom-cat that dares to look at you for a second?"

"I s'pect you would."

"Well, the fact of it is, Sally, I—"

"Oh, now don't, Jim! you're too sudden."

"And, Sally, I want you to—"

"Don't say anything more now, Jim. I will—"

"But it must be done immediately; I want you to—"

"Oh, hush! don't say any more."

"I want you to-night to get—"

"What! so soon Oh, no, impossible! Father and mother would be so angry at me."

"How? be mad for doing me such a favor as to m—"

"Yes, dear me! Oh, what a feeling!"

"But there is some mistake, for all I want to have you do is to—mend my trowsers!"

Sally could hear no more. She threw up her arms, and screaming hysterically, fainted away.

Advice to English Travellers in the United States.

Sir Charles Lyell, when in the United States, received the following advice from a friend:—

"When you are racing with an opposition steamboat or chasing her, and the other passengers are cheering the captain, who is sitting on the safety-valve to keep it down with his weight, go as far as you can from the engine, and lose no time, especially if you hear the captain exclaim, 'Fire up, boys! put on the rosin!' Should a servant call out, 'Those gentlemen who have not paid their passage will please go to the ladies' cabin!' obey the summons without a moment's delay, for then an explosion may be apprehended."

"Why to the ladies' cabin?" said he.

"Because it is the end of the boat, and they are getting anxious for the personal security of those who have not yet paid their dollars, being, of course, indifferent about the rest. Therfore never pay in advance; for, should you fall overboard during the race, and the watch cries out to the captain, 'A passenger overboard!' he will ask, 'Has he paid his passage?' and if he receives an answer in the affirmative, he will call out, 'Go ahead!'"

The Two Farmers.

A good story is told of a couple of farmers who lived a few miles apart. One day one called on the other, happening around at dinner time. The person called upon, by the way, was a penurious old fellow. He was seated at the table enjoying his meal. The visitor drew to the stove, looking very wistfully toward the table, expecting the farmer to ask him to dine. The old farmer kept on eating.

"What's the news up your way, neighbor?" (Still eating. "No news, eh?"

"No, I believe not." (Presently a thought struck the visitor.) "Well, yes, friend, I did hear of one item of news that's worth something."

"Ha, what is that?"

"Neighbor Jones has a cow that has five calves."

"Is that so? Good gracious! What in thunder does the fifth calf do when the others are sucking?"

"Why he stands and looks on, just as I do, like a dumb fool."

"Mary, put on another plate."

"Very Appropriate."

An eccentric American was lately visiting an English nobleman, at his seat in the south of England. Our fellow-countryman was in the habit of saying, "How very appropriate!" by way of commendation, whether *apropos* or not. The statuary in the grounds received this comment so often as to nettle the host, who resolved to nonplus his guest. So, stopping before the family vault, and pointing to a figure near of General Jackson on horseback, he said—

"How do you like that statute of General Jackson?"

"How very appropriate!" was the ready reply.

"How do you make that out?"

"O, General Jackson was always at home among dead Englishmen," was the answer.

The host subsided.

WHICH SIDE.—Judge P., of Indiana, has his eccentricities, but an abler jurist cannot be found in the West. A young, windy lawyer was once making a plea in a manslaughter case before the judge. The lawyer talked beautifully, but didn't touch the points in the case. As he was about closing the judge asked him which side he was retained on. "The defence, your honor," replied the astonished lawyer. "Then," said Judge P., "why the deuse don't you say so?" This is strictly true.

A CRACK HIGHLAND REGIMENT.

CIVILIAN.—"Are there many Irish in your corps?"

PRIVATE O'FLANAGAN.—"Is it Oirish ye mane? Sorra the one ov thim would be allowed in the rijmint!"

The Advantage.

Two gentlemen, Mr. D. and Mr. L., stood candidates for a seat in the legislature of New York. They were violently opposed to each other. By some artifice Mr. D. gained the election. When he was returning home, much elated with success, he met a gentleman, an acquaintance of his.

"Well," says D., "I have got the election. L. was no match for me—I'll tell you how I flung him—if their happened any Dutch voters, I could talk Dutch with them, *and there I had the advantage of him.* If there were any Frenchmen, I could talk French with them, *and there I had the advantage of him.* But as to L., he was a clever, honest, sensible little fellow."

"Yes, sir," replies the gentleman, "*and there he had the advantage of you.*"

Cochineal and Carmine.

Cochineal, to which we owe one of the most brilliant red dyes used in our manufactures, and to which artists are indebted for the incomparable colour mixed with the carnations of their flesh tints, is made from the body of a small insect known as the *Coccus Cacti*, or Cochineal insect. The use of cochineal appears to have originated in Mexico, where the Spaniards, on conquering the country, found the insects carefully tended in *nopaleries*, or plantations of *nopals* (the Mexican name for the cactus, on which they feed.) The insects are very small and fragile—the male rather resembling a gnat, having large wings and long antennæ; the female being shaped like a lady-bird, but having no wings and short antennæ. When first hatched both sexes are alike in form, which is that of a very minute oval; they feed greedily and grow rapidly for some weeks, at the end of which time they undergo a change, the male appearing as a fly, while the female, first casting her skin, adheres closely to the plant, and without changing her position lays her eggs in large numbers, covering them with her body, and dying in this position—her shrunken frame forming a kind of penthouse for the protection of her brood.

What is called the sowing of cochineal is performed by taking the insects from the old plants whose juices are exhausted, and attaching them to young ones. This is done by gathering the insects in little receptacles formed of cane fibre, matting or bits of rag, and fastening these with a thorn to the leaves of the plant. The insects soon attach themselves and multiply with astonishing rapidity. After the plants have been fed on for six years, they are exhausted, and have to be cut down, the insects being first removed.

The cochineal harvest is usually gathered in haste by a mixed crowd of men, women, and children, who enter the plantation at break of day, and, armed with blunt knives, scrape off the insects into a dish or close woven basket. A single hand will gather a dozen pounds of the insects in a day, which, when killed and dried, will yield about four pounds of cochineal. The killing is done by heat, sometimes by pouring boiling water upon them, at others by placing them for a time in an oven: when killed with hot water, they are afterwards spread in the sun to dry.

The above is the method pursued by the Mexicans, according to the report of De Menonville. In other places the management seems to differ. Humboldt, who witnessed the culture of cochineal both in Mexico and in parts of South America, speaks of the constant care which is taken to keep the plants clean. He says that in some parts of Guaxaca three harvests of cochineal are obtained in the year; and he records a curious custom which prevails among the negro proprietors. When the rainy season is approaching, they collect the insects from the plants, pack them in hampers, and carry them to other plantations at a distance, where the rains are not so heavy; here they remain until the rains are past, and are then brought back to their native place to feed and multiply until the harvest.

The manufacture of carmine from cochineal was discovered accidently by a Franciscan monk about the middle of the seventeenth century, and a method of preparing it was published by Homberg in 1656. It at once gained favor with the public, as it was seen to excel all the other red pigments, both in regard to brilliancy and exquisite delicacy. It is much in request for various manufacturing purposes; it forms the rouge of the actor and of the fashionable dame who seeks to renew the bloom of youth, and its service is accounted indispensable among artists. In preparing it, the cochineal reduced to powder is boiled gently with carbonate of soda; it is then taken from the fire and a weak acid is added, which changes the color of the liquid to a brilliant hue. The substance of the cochineal settles at the bottom of the vessel, and the liquor transferred to another is again set on the fire; a preparation of fish-glue is now added to accelerate the precipitation of the coloring matter, which soon becomes deposited; the liquor is then poured off, and the deposit, which is the carmine, is filtered through fine linen. The processes, however, differ materially in different places, and both the methods and the materials used are kept secret. Carmine is sold in powder or in flakes; it is spread thickly on shallow saucers for toilet use; and it is cast in cakes for the convenience of the water-color painter—in which latter form the best quality realizes about ten guineas an ounce.

Sir Humphrey Davy tells a curious anecdote concerning carmine manufacture. An English manufacturer, knowing that the French carmine was much superior to the English, "went to Lyons to learn the process, and bargained with a celebrated maker for the acquirement of his secret, for which he was to pay a thousand pounds. He was shown the whole process, and saw a beautiful color produced, but he was astonished to find that the French manufacturer's method was exactly like his own. He then accused him of having concealed something, but the man assured him he had not, and invited him to go over the process a second time. This was done, and the Englishman minutely examined the water and all the materials employed. Finding no difference, he exclaimed 'I have lost my time and my money; for it must be the air of England which does not permit me to make good carmine.' 'Stay,' said the Frenchman, 'do not deceive yourself; what kind of weather is it now?' 'A bright sunny day,' was the reply. 'And such are the days,' said the Frenchman, 'on which I make my colour. Were I to attempt to manufacture it on a dark or cloudy day, my result would be the same as yours. Let me advise you, my friend, always to make carmine on sunny days,' 'I will,' said the Englishman, 'but I fear I shall make very little in London.'"

The use of carmine by artists marks an era in the history of coloring. From its pleasant working, its wonderous beauty and purety, and its fascinating delicacy, it was eagerly accepted by painters on its first introduction as a pigment. There is nothing resembling it to be seen in the works of the old masters; and even the finest flesh-tints of Raphael, Correggio, or Titian, show comparatively dead and dull by the side of a well painted head, newly done, in which carmine has been freely used. We say "newly done," because of all the lakes carmine is the most fleeting and evanescent, and retains its splendor for the shortest time. Seduced by its fascinating effects, Sir Joshua Reynolds used it largely, and persisted in doing so, spite of the warnings of his friends—and it is to this fact, probably more than to anything else, that the mass of his pictures have fallen into such a ruinous condition, and that the merit upon which he most prided himself is now scarcely discernable, save by artists. Taught by experience, artists now rarely use carmine, save in combination with mineral pigments, with which it can be mixed to a definite amount without the liability to fade and fly off. When miniature paintings was a popular art, before photography laid it finally on the shelf, the professors were lavish in the use of carmine, and it was curious to observe the effect of sunlight on their exhibited specimens, which were sometimes seen to part with every particle of their flesh-color in the course of a few days.

A Fascinating Man.

One of the most remarkable of recent elopement cases is that of a certain quack doctor who ran away from a neighboring city with six infatuated damsels in his train, all bent upon marrying him. Honester men will detest the villainy of this medical enslaver, but it is impossible that they should avoid envying him the possession of such remarkable powers of fascination. What disposition the doctor will make of these forlorn beings we cannot imagine. That less ingenious rascal, Captain Macheath, in the company of only two of the sex, was bewildered, and felt sure that happiness could be secured only when one or the other of the charmers was away. But in that time Utah was a wild, and Mormonism had not been revealed. The doctor will probably find refuge in the city of the Saints, and accomplish the work of consolidation with the adoring half dozen under the benign guidance of the experienced Brigham. If the doctor exercises his persuasive powers in Utah as he did in the states, he will soon be the most extensively married man in the territory.—*Phila. Press.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Who Make the Best Farmers.

A man who is not smart enough to run a store is not smart enough to run a farm. Farmers are not to be made out of what is left after lawyers, doctors, ministers, and merchants are sorted and picked out. And, if a man fails on a good farm, it is not likely that he will succeed in a store; for it requires more talent to be a thriving farmer than to be an average merchant. The one cause of greatest failure is the disproportion between a man's farm and his capital. A farmer's capital is his skilled labor and his money. If he has little cash, he must have no more land than he can thoroughly well manage by his own personal labor. Every acre beyond that is an incumbrance. One acre well worked is more profitable than twenty acres skimmed over. It is this greed of land by farmers that have not the capital to work it that keeps so many poor. Small farms are better than large ones, simply because they are better suited to the average capital of common farmers. Large farms with large capital are better than small ones. But two hundred acres of land in the possession of a man who has only enough capital to stock and develop ten acres leads to one of two things—either that he pays taxes on one hundred and ninety acres which he does not use, or, as is more commonly the case, that he spreads his small capital out over the whole two hundred; and that is so thin that it is like a spoonful of guano on the Grand Prairie.

Farming is a good business for all men who conduct it on business principles, and have capital according to the size of their farms. If a man does not understand his business, he will fail, whether he be a farmer, lawyer, minister, or merchant. If a man attempts to run a mine, a manufactory, a bank, or a farm without capital; he will fail alike in all or any of them, but no sooner in one than another of them.

Farming for amusement is another and entirely different thing. Some men prefer dogs and horses, some men pictures, some men landscape gardens and fancy greenhouses, and others fancy farms, as a means of agreeably spending their money and occupying their leisure. A farm may be a rich man's plaything. He does not live from his ground. His ground lives from him.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Tan Bark as a Fertilizer.

Several years ago my garden, being, in part, the hardest quality of clay, when ploughed, would break up in chunks from the size of a man's fist up to that of a half-bushel, and even larger; and with all the clod-crushing and manuring I could do, I could scarcely raise anything, nor could I reduce the lumps in the least. Finally, after everything else had failed, I resolved to try tan bark, which I did in the spring of 1868, using bark fresh from the yard mixed with lime, in proportions of about six or eight bushels of bark to one of lime, the lime (or ashes, if preferable), being used to neutralize the acid in the bark. This was spread about three inches deep over the ground, and ploughed under as well as the lumps would admit of; the clods were then crushed, and the ground planted; but the crop manifested but very little improvement over previous years.

Last season a dressing of barn-yard manure was ploughed under, and the result was a gain in the yield of about one hundred and fifty per cent. over any previous season, to say nothing of vanished clods, and the labor saved in pulverizing them. This year a dressing of well rotted stable manure was turned under, and everything continuing favorable, a gain of fifty per cent. over last year is anticipated. Thus, with less labor and less manure, I can now raise nearly four times the amount that I could before, and all owing to the one dressing of tan bark and lime.

My experiment was with oak bark, though the hemlock bark would produce the same results. This bark is also excellent to put about currant bushes, strawberry vines, or, indeed, about anything where the ground is not stirred more than once a year, as it keeps the surface of the ground moist; and if put on sufficiently thick—say three or four inches—grass and weeds will not bother to any great extent.—*Scholium in Rural New Yorker.*

Early Calves.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says:—"There is a good deal more depending on an early start than is generally supposed; yet every farmer who has raised stock must be aware of the advantages attached to a calf or a colt born in March or April, over one not coming into existence till June. The early young animals become strong against their first winter, and go through the cold spells without the check those that are younger or tenderer, receive, and having gained a good clear start, they will never lose it, and it is the same with lambs, pigs and young poultry. How attentive to this matter should those be who possess highly bred stock, for if it is worth consideration with good common stock, it must be of immense importance to those who breed animals coming to be worth as many thousands as the average grades are hundreds. In England the winters are very much milder than in the Northern states; yet this is seriously studied with every variety of live stock, for the first winter is the most critical period of agricultural animals' existence, and when the young stock is brought to grass at about fourteen months old, plump and fat as they can be, to be perfectly healthy and growing, there is an end to all anxiety concerning them."

Protecting Roofs from Fire.

A wash composed of lime, salt and fine sand, or wood ashes, put on in the ordinary way of whitewashing, is said to render the roof fifty-fold more safe against taking fire from falling cinders or otherwise in case of fire in the vicinity. It pays the expense a hundred-fold in its preserving influence against the effect of the weather; the older and more weather-beaten the shingles, the more benefit derived. Such shingles are generally more or less warped, rough and cracked. The application of wash, by wetting the upper surface, restores them to their original or first form, thereby closing the spaces between the shingles, and the lime and sand, by filling up the cracks and pores in the shingle itself, prevents its warping for years, if not forever.—*Fireman's Journal.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 16, 27, 14, 13, 3, 8, 20, 5, is a glorious day in the annals of American history.

My 24, 15, 2, 6, is a gent's nickname.

My 7, 21, 19, 23, 11, 17, 19, is what the writer professes to be.

My 6, 22, 25, is what the writer is not anxious to do.

My 24, 9, 18, 26, 7, is a certain lady's name.

My 4, is the first initial of a gentleman friend.

My whole is a quotation.

New York. INCOGNITA.

☞ Mr. T. B., of Plainville, Ohio, is respectfully requested to send an answer.

Metagram.

I am composed of 4 letters and am of use on farms.

Change my first, and I am sought by criminals.

Change it again, and I am what we are prone to do.

Change it again, and I am often destructive to the young crops.

Change it again, and I am a prison.

Change it again, and I "am a coat of steel."

Change it again, and I am a part of the hand.

Change it again, and I am a vessel.

Change it again, and I am a part of a ship.

Change it again, and I am a covering for the face.

Change it again, and I am what the miserable often do.

What am I? PHILIP.

Honeytown, Ind.

Problem.

A rectangular field contains 38 acres and 128 perches, and the width, length, and diagonal are in arithmetical progression. Required the sides and diagonal.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hilladale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a horse the most curious feeder in the world? Ans.—Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.

☞ Why is a man confined to his bed with a cold fit of the ague, like one of Byron's characters? Ans.—Because he's the prisoner of Chill-on.

☞ Why is a man twice buried like a new play? Ans.—Because he has to be rehearsed.

☞ Why was Titian's fat daughter Mary like Ben Butler? Ans.—Because she was a Polly Titian.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

"Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ."

RIDDLE—The letter S.

RECEIPTS.

RHUBARB VINEGAR.—Twelve stalks of rhubarb, ordinary size, crushed with a pestle in the bottom of a strong firkin; add five gallons of water; let it remain twenty-four hours; strain and add nine pounds of sugar, half a teacup of brewer's yeast; let it stand a month where the temperature will not fall below 60 deg. Strain and let it stand till it becomes vinegar.

GREEN CORN CUSTARD.—Husk and carefully silk the ears and grate off the corn. The latter is most readily done by rubbing the grater on the corn, and then scraping the cobs with a knife thoroughly. Or the same may be split lengthwise and then scraped down. To one teacup of this grated corn, add one cup of water and one cup of very ripe peaches, mashed, or ripe tomatoes put through a colander, or of grated apples, or of whortleberries.

Plums, blackberries and grapes may also be used, but sour fruits of any kind are not so good, and should be used in smaller quantities or tempered, if you like, with sweet or sub-acid apple, sugar, one large spoonful and over, according to the acidity of the fruit. If the corn is very young add a spoonful of corn starch; but as it approaches maturity this may be dispensed with, and at last the proportion of corn decreased. The top may be ornamented with pieces of the fruit fancifully cut and arranged. Bake from twenty to thirty minutes and serve warm or cold. Grated green corn is also a very acceptable thickening for stewed tomatoes—about one-half teacup or more to a quart of the fruit, cooked slowly ten minutes.

CHEAP LIME PAINT FOR OUTHOUSES, &c.—Take half a bushel of nice unslacked lime; slack it with boiling water, cover it during the process to keep in the steam, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste, and stirred in boiling hot; half a pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by first soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from the dirt. It should be put on right hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house if properly applied.

Brushes more or less small may be used according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil paint for wood, brick or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls. Coloring matter may be put in, and made of any shade you like.

Lamp-black introduced in moderate quantities make a slate color, very suitable for the outside of buildings. Lamp-black and Spanish brown mixed together produce a reddish stone color. Yellow ochre stirred in makes a yellow wash; but chrome goes farther, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. In all these cases the depth of the shade will of course be determined by the quantity of coloring used.